

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.*

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## THE BALLAD OF THE TOWER

• BY KATRINA TRASK •

Deep in the heart of a dark pine wood,  
A gray stone tower, all vine clad, stood.  
Low-laughing water and murmuring trees.

The old oaken door was fast, iron bound;  
And lichens clung its lintel round.  
Love is a wonderful mystery.

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Late in the dusk of a summer day,  
When all the world was under the sway  
Of low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

A ladye leucous as morning light,  
Was thither led by a mailed knight.  
Love is a wonderful mystery.

Her sunny locks, 'gainst his raven hair,  
Shone in the shadow more golden fair.  
Low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

Like a flower in his glad, unafraid,  
Her lithe white hand was trustingly laid.  
Love is a wonderful mystery.

He took her in, and he barred the door;  
Many a time they had heard before  
Low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

He clasped her close in his twining arms,  
And lured her soul from its depths with  
Love is a wonderful mystery. [charms.

The kisses he kissed upon her mouth  
Were lotus laden, as of the south.  
Low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

He lifted the lace from her passionate breast,  
She had no fear, she was so blest.  
Love is a wonderful mystery.

And underneath where the laces part,  
He sought and found her blood-red heart,  
Low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

Sharp with his keen polished sword of fame  
He wrote on it, deep, a single name.  
Love is a wonderful mystery.

Then he placed it back, with never a word,  
And covered her bosom. Naught was heard.  
But low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

She did not swoon, and she did not cry;  
She looked brave in his eyes, "O Love, good  
Love is a wonderful mystery. by."

He sheathed his sword. Nay, he did not stop  
To wipe from its point the red blood drop.  
Low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

Then forth he went in his silver mail,  
The ladye smiled—though she waxed death  
Love is a wonderful mystery. pale.



## THE CURIOUS RACE OF ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS.

BY LEWIS LINDSAY DYCHE.

THE Arctic Highlanders, the most northern inhabitants of the globe, are not so called because they dwell in the high lands, but because of the high latitude in which they live. Like all other Eskimo tribes they cling to the coast. Their settlements, a few igloos (stone or ice-huts for winter), or tupics (sealskin tents for summer), are scattered from Cape York,  $75^{\circ} 55'$ , to Etah,  $78^{\circ} 18'$ , on the shores of Foulke Fiord. Though these people spread over a considerable territory, they number only about three hundred souls. Inglefield Gulf might be considered as the center of their settlements, each of which usually contains from two to a dozen families. These settlements are more permanent in summer than in winter, for in the summer the ice is continually breaking up so that the people cannot travel far with the dog sledges, which are their sole means of taking long journeys. They possess kayaks, it is true, but these are rude, clumsy, and ill-shaped, as compared with those of the Eskimos in central and southern Greenland. The latter have tight skin coats which fit them so closely

about the head and wrists, and are tied so tight about the rim of the kayak—the aperture which the kayaker enters—that no water can possibly get into the boat. But the Highlanders know not of such a garment, and so only go out in their kayaks when the sea is smooth. In fact, there are but two months in the year, July and August, when it is possible for these people to use their little boats, for during the remaining ten months the sea is for the most part covered with ice.

With dogs and sledges, however, the Highlanders are experts. The dogs were originally domesticated wolves, but since Kane and other explorers entered the country, taking dogs with them from Europe and America, the Eskimo wolf-dog has been mixed with other strains of blood. However, the wolfish nature still remains, and the dogs yelp and howl like wolves. Six dogs constitute an ordinary sledge team, and will pull a load weighing from three hundred to a thousand pounds, the condition of the snow and ice of course to be taken into consideration in loading. The sledges vary from three and a half to five and a half feet in length, and from sixteen to twenty-eight inches in width. The runners are generally made of a great number of



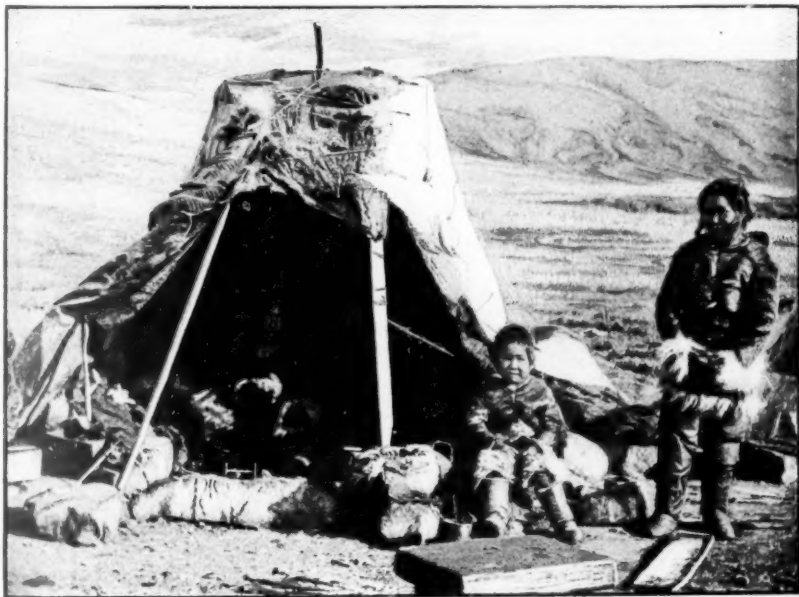
small pieces of wood and bone, all drawn securely together by means of strings of sealskin rawhide, and shod with strips of ivory or bone.

Living isolated from the rest of the world, and struggling against a harsh and difficult environment, these people have developed some strange customs and beliefs. When they were first discovered by Sir John Ross, in 1818, they were much surprised to learn that there were other inhabitants on the globe, for they knew not even of other Eskimos, and thought themselves the only people on the face of the earth. This fact, however, did not make them proud or haughty; they were open to conviction on the evidence of their senses, and so modified their ancient belief. This mania of imagining themselves the only people on the earth is not one that was peculiar to the Arctic Highlanders—it exists still among certain civilized people whom I have visited, who will not accept evidence of their senses, and who are apparently entirely oblivious of the fact that there are others.

The Eskimo interpreter whom Ross brought with him from South Greenland

soon recognized the Highland speech as his own, and had no trouble in making himself understood and welcome among his distant cousins. In fact, many of their customs were identical with those of the more southern portion of the race. They are separated from their nearest neighbors on the Greenland side by the wide expanse of country that extends from Cape York through the Melville Bay region as far south as Upernivik. But they have no intercourse with, and except from hearsay, know nothing of, their southern neighbors. They are separated from the people on the North American side by Baffin's Bay. The Eskimos on the west side of Davis Strait, however, have in recent years been known to follow up the coast toward Cape Sabine and then to cross over, and there are now two or three Eskimos living among the Arctic Highlanders who came from the American side.

These people are perhaps the oldest race on the face of the globe, and dwell nearer the original habitat of man than any other people. We are told that the earth cooled off at the poles first, thus making possible plant and animal life;



AN ARCTIC HIGHLANDER "TUPIC."



WATCHING RETURN FROM A SEAL HUNT.

thence these forms of life moved southward. It seems fairly well established that the human race originated in the polar regions. The place prepared by nature for the first life would naturally be the first habitation of man. The place where plant and animal life first originated would naturally be the cradle of the race. The life zone would work southward, but some of the hardier forms of animal and plant life would adjust themselves to their environment and still remain in the polar regions. The polar bear, the arctic fox, and the reindeer are nearer the original home of these animals than any other species or variety, although they must have undergone differentiation in order to keep pace with a changing environment.

Thus it is a tenable supposition that the ancestors of the race may all be buried under the snow and ice of the arctic regions, and that the man of science will be compelled to come here to dig up the missing link. However this may be, the Eskimos are an intensely interesting people, and no satisfactory explanation has yet been given for their existence in the extreme north.

Some maintain that the Eskimos are

the most considerable remnant of that nameless prehistoric race of fishers and hunters who once clung to the coasts of Europe until they were pushed away into the nooks and corners, and to the very verge and edge of the great continents by the successive bands of Arian migrations, until they found their way to the inhospitable northern regions. Some believe that they were forced thither from the coasts, both of Asia and America, by the migration of Indian and Mongolian tribes; but it is not improbable that they have lived from time immemorial amid the ice. Up in these regions we still find stunted growths of the pine, the willow, and the birch, and of other growths that now attain their full development under more congenial suns. It may be that like these the Eskimos have remained in the frozen north, unable to attain any high development on account of their hard and difficult surroundings.

But certain it is that the Eskimos have worked out the problem of existence amid surroundings which would have baffled the efforts of the most civilized people. For the latter are only able to live for a year or two at a time in the arctic circle, and must depend, not upon the

country, as do the Eskimos, to supply them with food and fuel and raiment, but upon supplies and equipments which they have carried with them from civilized communities.

It is interesting to study the way these Eskimos work out their problem of existence, the manner of life, and the peculiar customs which they have developed.

They eat almost nothing but flesh, with very little fish. Most of the meat is eaten raw and without salt. They do not eat blubber, as reported, nor do they drink oil. They enjoy a portion of fat, as we do; but for the most part eat the lean meat, with much gristle, bone, and cartilage, as well as the skins of animals, especially that of the whale, of which they are very fond and which they always take raw. After a little practice I did not object to the raw whale meat myself. It is a little tough and leathery, but a person with good teeth can grind it up by giving it more attention and power than is bestowed on a piece of

diet almost exclusively of meat, mostly eaten raw, would develop some peculiar and fierce traits of character. Animals such as the wolf, lion, hyena, tiger, et cetera, who live upon such diet, as a rule are lean, hungry, and savage. The American Indian who subsists on flesh, is treacherous and warlike in disposition. But on the contrary, the Arctic Highlanders are a most amiable people. They not only seldom quarrel but are of a kind and gentle disposition. They appear very happy in their marital relations, and though they swap wives now and then, this does not indicate any particular dissatisfaction among the parties concerned, and the original husband and wife will generally return to each other.

Love, such as is known as a potent influence in more southern climes, seems here to have little or nothing to do with tying the marital knot. But as the little blind god is always represented, to say the least, in an exceedingly light costume, it may be that the rigorous climate ex-



GROUP OF CHILDREN

ordinary meat. After eating a meal of whale skin the appetite seems to be satisfied for at least twelve hours. Blubber is used for the most part for fuel, either being burned in the lamps in the igloos, to make heat and to melt ice, or it is mixed with moss and made to burn under a stone, for cooking or heating purposes.

It would naturally be supposed that a

cludes him from the arctic circle. Among the Highlanders, the women who are in the greatest demand for wives are the ones who are the best seamstresses, who can make the best garments, and who can clean and tan skins after the most approved fashion. On the other hand, those men are considered the most desirable husbands who are the best hunters, those who can capture the most seals and bears.

When a young man has made up his mind that it is not good for him to live alone, he casts his eye (which is uninfluenced by beauty) upon some promising young seamstress, and goes and explains matters to the father of the girl. If the father considers that the young man possesses qualities as a hunter which equalize or surpass the talents of his daughter, and the daughter herself is willing, the young man is allowed to take her as his wife. She may, however, return to her father if dissatisfied with her husband's acquirements, and may return to her husband later if he has better luck in the chase; or, if still dissatisfied, she may take another husband. The girls are usually given in marriage when about sixteen years of age. The men are usually over twenty before they become husbands. The women, as a rule, are over twenty before they bear children. When a man dies and leaves a widow, she is usually taken without formality by some man in the tribe who wants a wife. If two or more men desire the same woman, they usually settle the matter in a friendly contest, by wrestling, pulling fingers, or other trials of strength. To the victor belongs the spoil, and no ill-feeling appears to be cherished by the defeated candidate. The trading of wives usually takes place when a married couple is traveling about.



HIGHLANDER WOMAN.

Often when a man and his wife come to a settlement not their own, the man will trade his wife for that of another man's, and leaving his behind him go away with his new companion. But this union as a rule lasts only until the two couples meet again, and then the original mates return to each other. The women do not seem to care where or with whom they live so long as sufficient food and skins are brought into the household.

These people seem to have no laws or any very definite rules or regulations. Neither do they have law-makers, chiefs, or rulers. The *angkok*, or doctor, a sort of spiritual doctor or magician, has some influence among them. He works spells upon the sick by singing and chanting and beating on a piece of skin the size of a dinner-plate. The doctor neither eats nor sleeps during the performance of his duties, nor does he allow his patient to do so until the latter says that he is better or well. It is needless to say that under this treatment the patient will ultimately confess to at least an improvement in his condition.

The Highlanders have, however, some understandings or regulations of the most simple kind, and to these they strictly adhere. All small seals and lesser animals are at once the property of the man who captures them; but if a whale or walrus is harpooned it is the common



HIGHLAND WINTER-HOUSE, OR "IGLOO."

property of all present. Nevertheless, in the division of a narwhal into which an Eskimo had thrown a harpoon, and which I had shot and killed about an hour later, I observed that when the animal was butchered, the man who had thrown the harpoon took some of the choice parts for himself, such as the great mass of skin which covered the tail, and the sinew from the back, in addition to his share of the meat. But though the hunter may have a right to a larger share in the game he has captured, he does not exercise this right should want and famine be around him; for it is an unknown thing among these people that

becoming costumes. The women make up with great skill and taste the beautiful white and blue foxskins into short trunk trousers, blending the two colors deftly so as to get the best effect. An Eskimo woman with a foxskin jacket and trousers, and sealskin boots with white bearskin fringes at the top, not merely for ornamental purposes, but to keep out the blowing snow, possesses as handsome and comfortable an outfit as has ever been devised for a woman. It would make an ideal bicycle suit, and is excellently adapted for all kinds of exercise and travel. Nor does it lack in value according to our standards, made as it is from



GLACIER FLOWING INTO GRANVILLE BAY.

some should want while others are living in plenty. If one family has an abundance of seal meat or plenty of bearskins, every hungry family in the neighborhood will be fed, and the bearskins will also be divided. The Eskimo will share his last bit of meat with his neighbor in want. He does not need a missionary to preach to him "love thy neighbor as thyself." For among these people whom we fain would look upon as barbarians, some of the noblest teachings of Christianity are in force—not in words but in acts.

The Eskimo women have no Worths or Redferns to plan gowns for them, and yet nowhere do you find prettier or more

the finest and highest priced furs known to the world of commerce.

The women are really the heads of the family. Marriage does not seem to be a very certain bond of union until children are born. After that the trading of wives, which I have before mentioned, is rare. The men furnish the food, and the women prepare it. They also make and keep the men's clothes and boots in repair.

The parents are extremely fond of their own children in particular, and of all children in general. It is seldom that more than four children are to be found in one family. The children are treated with great tenderness, and are

themselves gentle and well-behaved. They play with each other without quarreling or fighting, and in their vocabulary they have no bad names or threatening epithets to apply to each other. Mothers carry their babies on their backs in a sort of pouch made in their garments. The small children dress in fox or birdskin jackets, made with hoods to cover the heads, leaving the faces free. The jackets come

The women do a great deal of work. Not only do they take care of the skins and make all the clothing and boots, but they remove the hair from the sealskins by dipping them in hot water and then scraping. They chew the skins again and again so as to render them soft and pliable.

Entering a tupic at Cape York, I found three of the women chewing skins and



CAMPING OUT.

down as far as the hips. The child is carried in this pouch most of the time until two or three years old, when it is finally dressed—if a boy, just as a man; or, if a girl, just as a woman, and allowed its freedom about the igloo or tupic. Small children are taken out of the pouch at least twice during a period of five hours and allowed to nurse. The children fret at times, but seldom break out in loud cries or yells. I have seen mothers chew meat carefully and place it in the mouths of their children.

That kindness and patience which the Eskimos show to their children is displayed also towards their dogs. They spare the rod yet spoil neither child nor dog, and so put to shame some of our wise saws and old-fashioned maxims.

three engaged in sewing. One woman was chewing on a large sealskin which she was gradually bringing to flexibility. Two of the women were chewing and sucking the fat out of some little auk skins. I tried one of the little auk skins myself, much to the amusement of the women, and found that the fat did not have a bad taste, and that the task of chewing a skin was not as disagreeable as one would at first imagine. After the skins were thoroughly gone over they were hung up to dry with an occasional rubbing between the hands to make them soft. I watched the woman who was sewing. One was working on a kamik, or sealskin boot, and it was surprising to see how easily she pushed a small needle threaded with a fine string of sinew through the double thickness





HIGHLAND VILLAGE AT CAPE YORK.

of sealskin, sewing a seam as fine as any machine could make. Her thimble, secured from some whaling vessel, or, possibly, from one of the Peary party, was worn on the first finger. The women who were sewing had their kamiks off, and held the skins between the first (the great) and second toe. It was surprising to see how deftly they could use their toes, it seemed as if they were supplied with a veritable third hand. One woman was sewing little auk skins together into a garment which would eventually be used as an under jacket or shirt. These shirts are worn by both men and women, with the feathers next to the body. I showed one of the women how to pin the garment to her boot and thus save the trouble of using the toes to hold it. She seemed pleased at first, but soon pitched

the boot off and again picked up the garment with her toes. One old woman amused me, and in fact everybody in the tupic, by pulling off her long boots and throwing one foot over her head without touching it with her hands. She then by using her hands placed the other foot behind her head and gave vent to a satisfied "peuk," an expression meaning "good," or "isn't this fine?" We all laughed our approval, and she seemed much pleased.

This occasion seemed to be a formal sewing-bee. Whale skin and boiled whale heart were passed around. I took my share of the whale skin but nibbled rather delicately at the heart, which had only been dipped in boiling water and was very tough.

I desired to take a photograph of



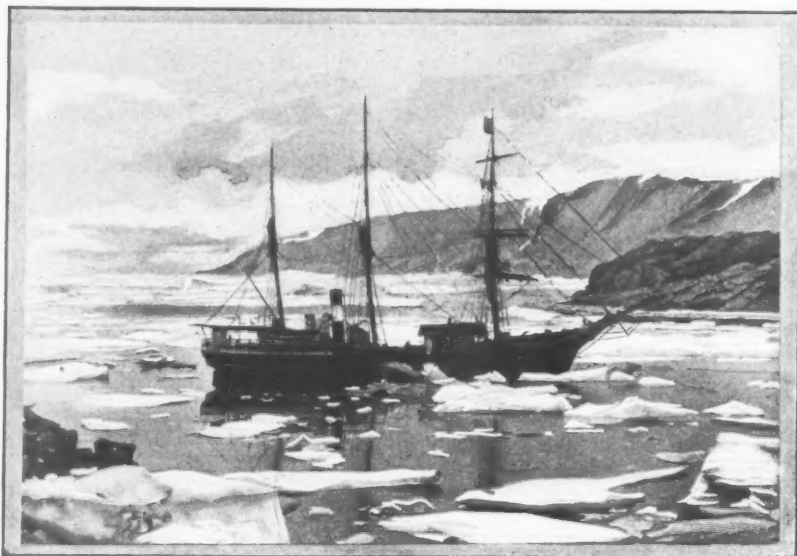
AN INGLU AT DISCO.

some of the children, and indicated that I wanted their faces washed. The mother took birdskins, spat upon them, and with the skins thus moistened washed the children's faces. Water is scarce with them—very scarce during ten months of the year.

It is necessary to burn blubber in order to melt the ice, there being no other fuel in the country. Hence great economy must be practised. If the cold snow and ice is put into the mouth and swallowed when melting, tongue and throat are affected, becoming sore and swelling up. Yet these people are not

The young women, as a rule, are rather good looking and well formed, the women average being about four feet ten inches in height and the men about five feet four inches. The former weigh about one hundred and eighteen pounds and the latter about one hundred and forty. They are not the short, thick, chubby people that they are generally represented to be.

The Eskimos eat when they are hungry and sleep when they are sleepy, but have no regular time for performing these functions. While traveling, they put up a tupic, or build a snow or ice igloo if



STEAMSHIP KITE.—THE PEARY RELIEF SHIP.

nearly so dirty as I expected from the stories about them that I had read; for there is but little dirt or dust in the country.

Nor are these people fat as is usually reported. I was surprised to see what lean and spare frames they really possessed. Their faces appear large and fat, but this is mainly due to the development of the muscles used in working the jaws in chewing the skins. Their hands and feet are small and well formed; their hair is long and black, and their skin is not nearly so dark as that of the American Indian.

the weather should turn bad; but with clear weather they lie down and sleep anywhere on snow or ice. But at home, in a tupic or igloo, they take off all their clothes rolling themselves up in deer or bearskins when ready to sleep.

They have no form of worship, but believe in a future state, and extend this belief to the lower animals. They believe in spirits, the chief one being the great spirit, the Ko-ko-yah. The Ko-ko-yah may act in the capacity of both good and evil spirit. They do not seem to have any idea of future punishment. Perhaps



it is only those people who are conscious of committing sin that have such ideas.

Their present environment appears to satisfy them entirely, and they make the best of it. They have no longing for another and a better world. "The desire of the moth for the star" does not trouble them. They sometimes imagine that they see spirits, or the Ko-ko-yah; the latter may appear in different shapes and in different ways. The sick are under the influence of the evil spirit, and as the angekok, or doctor, is supposed to enjoy intimate relations with the Ko-ko-yah, we have the secret of his power over the sick. It is very difficult to get an Arctic Highlander to speak of the sick or the dead.

A great advantage of the community of property which exists amongst the Arctic Highlanders is the total absence of litigation and law. There can be no quarreling about property which is vested in all alike. Some one has said that his idea of paradise was in a state of society where there were no courts of justice; well, among the inhabitants of the frozen north this ideal state of society is to be found. Nor do societies for the suppression of this, and the prevention of that, exist



WAIGAT CHANNEL.

among them. As they are kind to both children and animals such societies are not necessary. As they have no money nor means of accumulating wealth, their plan of existence is a combination of socialism and individual liberty. We may call them savages, because they do not possess the arts and refinements of modern life, but in the conduct of life itself they can teach us by mere force of example some useful lessons.



## THE EVOLUTION OF THE SPANIARD.

BY HOBART C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

**I**N the evolution of that proud, sensitive, indolent, sometimes cruel, but more often chivalrous race whom we call the Spaniard, the elements of history have been so clearly defined, so varied in their effect, that each era has left its indelible imprint upon the national character.

One often wonders why Spain, the former mistress of the world, a land of such delightful climate and such fertile soil, surrounded by the sea, and an almost impassable rampart of mountains, and seemingly possessed of every blessing which nature can bestow, should after eighteen centuries of glorious history have fallen to the second rank among the powers of the world, and be the last among the nations of Europe to respond to the influences of the nineteenth century.

The answer is to be read in the pages of her history. There is a limit to the endurance of a nation, and Spain has suffered more than any other land. For that reason she presents the spectacle of a proud-spirited warrior who has struggled bravely against overwhelming odds and has fallen from sheer exhaustion. Other nations have fought and bled and have won their freedom. The Spaniards have fought and bled as freely as the proudest of them, but their efforts have been frustrated. They have never until within a decade or so known the blessings of freedom, and since they have been a united nation have not even been ruled by a despot of a Spanish house. They have had despots without number, and they might have endured them had they been of Spanish blood. It is a common saying in Spain that the first Spanish king



MEMBER OF THE GUARDIA CIVIL.

was the late Alfonso XII. At least, he was the first Spanish king whose sympathies were Spanish, and whose reign strengthened Spain. Philip II. was morbidly Spanish in his feelings, but his rule hastened the ruin of his country, a ruin from which it has never recovered.

In talking with Spaniards, not of the ruling classes, one hears continually that the people are good, but that the government is bad. It is always the same story: the woes of the land are laid to the government; and certainly if the successive governments of Spain from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella to the present day could be tried before an impartial jury, no verdict too severe could be rendered.

The people of Spain are good: none but a good people could have been loyal to such rulers; but mere loyalty, pride, or even daring, does not make a people great. There must be energy and activity; there must be commercial enterprise, and these the Spaniards do not possess. Again it is the fault of the rulers. A middle class is the backbone and sinew of a successful nation, and Spain, except in Catalonia, does not possess a middle class. If the Spanish rulers wish to know the effect of a middle class upon a nation, they need look no further than Catalonia; the object lesson is complete. Barcelona, the Chicago of Spain, is as active, bustling, and energetic as its American prototype, and does nearly one-third of the entire importing and exporting business of the Peninsula. But the Catalans are mere shopkeepers, and the Spaniard, if he is not a peasant must be a gentleman. The middle class has

been killed and stultified by legislation and sentiment.

Before condemning or condoning the Spaniard of to-day, it is worth while to review his history and study the effect of each successive era on his character.

The earliest Spaniards of whom we possess any knowledge were the Celts and Iberians, known collectively as the Celtiberians. Their history, or its fragments, as told by their enemies, is the history of the true Spaniard,—a history of valor and generosity, of restless vigor and almost heroic endurance. These have been the qualities of Spaniards in all ages. In the course of time the trading Phœnician established himself along the whole south coast of the Peninsula, and after the Phœnicians came the Greeks. But the Greeks and Phœnicians were merchants rather than soldiers. For years they made no attempt to extend their possessions beyond the coast. About four hundred and eighty years before Christ, some eager spirits met at Gadeira and undertook an expedition into Southern Celtiberia. The bold tribesmen there not only repulsed the invaders, but they invaded in return. Gadeira was threatened with assault, and the frightened Phœnicians applied for assistance to the Carthaginians.

At that moment the real history of Spain began,—a history repeated with recurring fatality during the ages. The Carthaginians, like all subsequent foreigners, called to aid tottering power in the Peninsula, possessed themselves of Spain. For two hundred and fifty years they ruled the coast; then Hamilcar Barca and his greater son Hannibal overran the Peninsula. Saguntum alone held out. The marvelous resistance of this city marked the first of the glorious Spanish sieges, lasting to the heroic defense of Saragossa against the arms of Napoleon. In those wars against the Carthaginians, the Romans became the allies of the Spaniards, and again the ally became the conqueror. But the conquerors discovered the heroic spirit of the nation they had betrayed in the person of Viriathus, a Lusitanian shepherd, who seven times in the open field routed the Roman legions, and again in the defense of Numantia against the overpowering armies of the republic. This was carried to such an

extremity that the few survivors—men, women, and children—resolved to die by their own hand rather than that a single Numantian should grace a Roman triumph.

It only remained for Cæsar to complete the work of conquest, and Spain became, in Hispania Romana, a Roman province. The effect on the Spaniard of this foreign rule was so complete that it survives to-day in his language, his laws, and many of his customs. The province became completely Roman, giving emperors and poets to the empire, and so thoroughly united to its mistress that it is to-day more completely than France a Latin country.

In the disintegration of the Roman Empire Spain fell to the lot of the Visigoths; but the final death struggle was delayed for a time by a typical Spaniard, the devout, passionate, noble-minded emperor, Theodosius, the first inquisitor, the precursor at once of Isabella the Catholic and of Philip II. Theodosius died in 395, A.D., and in five years Alaric was in Italy. While the sturdy Goth conquered Italy, the Vandals and their savage companions devastated Spain. The barbarian host marched unchecked across the Peninsula. What had the Romanizing of the Peninsula accomplished? Where were the Celtiberians and the Lusitanians who for nearly two centuries had resisted the forces of republican Rome? The conquest was more complete, more easily accomplished than that of the Moors three centuries later. The reason for the two conquests is to be found in the system of domestic slavery of the Romans and the Visigoths. A change of masters was a matter of indifference to the down-trodden people; those who were not slaves or paupers



MODERN SPANISH  
HUSSAR.



*From the painting by Sant Arcos.*

PHILIP II. RECEIVING AMBASSADORS AT ESCORIAL.

were decayed into moral pauperism by luxury.

The history of the Visigothic kingdom embraces three hundred years of debauchery, intrigue, and murder. Roman Spain wrought a marvelous change in her masters. They adopted the veneer of civilization in its vices and luxury, and ceased to be warriors. But in those Visigothic days one great question was fought out and settled, seemingly forever—the question between Church and State. Spain was now a hierarchy, in which ecclesiastical influence became all powerful. One great man struggled against this usurpation; but Wamba, the best among the miserable line of Gothic kings, fell a prey to ecclesiastical treachery, and Spain passed under the control of ecclesiasticism, a control cemented by seven centuries of Moorish warfare.

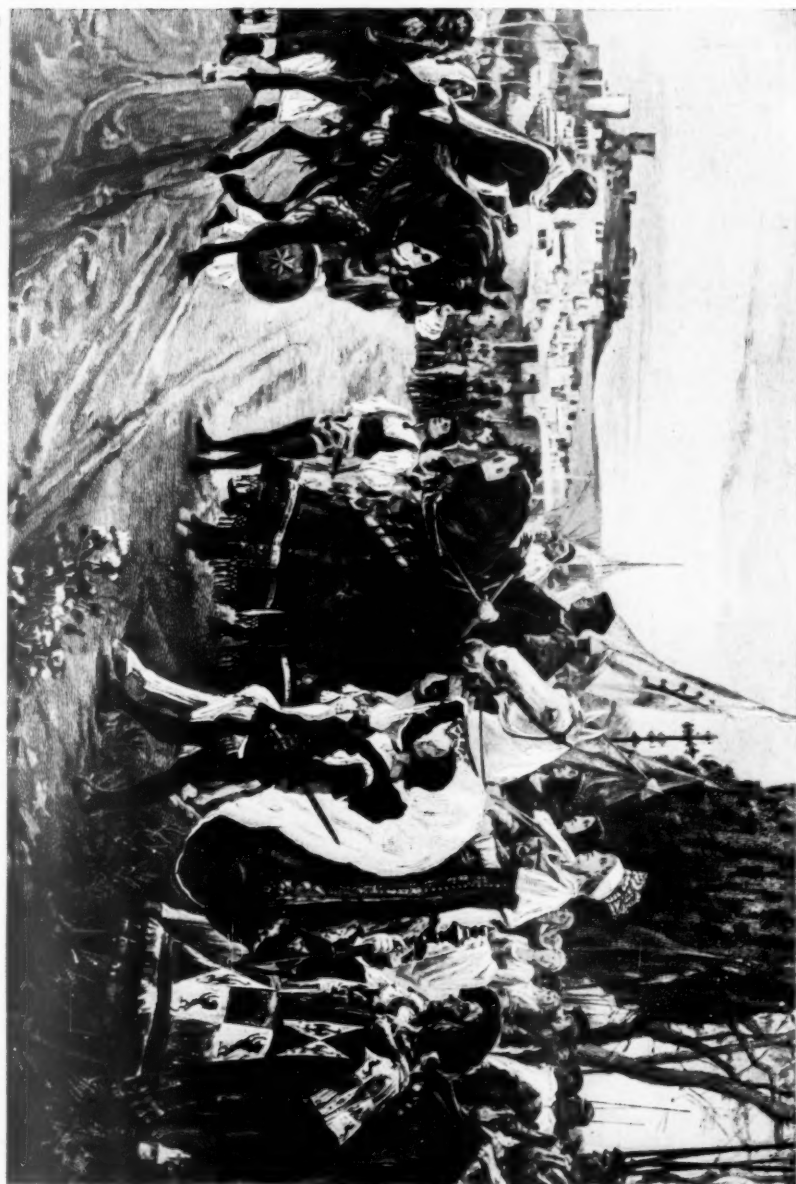
Although scarcely a trace of the Visigoths remains in Spain beyond a few ruins and some of their multitudinous laws engrafted into the "Siete Partidas" of Alfonso the Wise, their policy carried on through generations has in more ways than one been the ruin of Spain. Besides developing ecclesiastical power in the affairs of state, they inaugurated the persecution of the Jews, and the Visigothic Metropolitans became the forerunners of Torquemada and his inquisitorial host.

But enough of Gothic rule. It was a decayed exotic which withered before the Arab blast. The enervated Goth fell a prey to his own treachery, and the Arab overran his land. The few remnants gathered in the far Asturias, and raising Pelayo, a relative of the conquered Roderick, upon their shields, proclaimed the first king of a line destined to reconquer, step by step, the fair land of Spain. When Pelayo and his little band of refugees drove back the Moors by hurling stones from their rock-cut cave at Covadonga, upon the struggling hosts below, they inaugurated those seven centuries of incessant warfare which were to be at once the making and the marring of the Spanish nation.

Of the Moors in Spain little need be said. Theirs is a history apart, romantic, fascinating, and seemingly incredible; marvelous in its development, miserable in its decay. They vanished as they came, leaving scarcely a trace beyond the graceful arches and shady courts of their palaces and mosques. But the effect of Moorish wars upon the Spanish character is seemingly indelible. They were seven centuries of crusades; seven centuries of warfare for the Catholic faith. The Crusader is a fanatic, and a nation of Crusaders developed by seven hundred years of religious wars, must, perforce, become a nation of fanatics. The cross was the

*From the painting by Pradilla.*

THE SURRENDER OF GRANADA.



national standard, the Church became truly a church militant, for bishops rode at the head of armies, and religion was the dominant sentiment of the nation—hatred of infidels and heretics its dominant passion.

In the mountain fastnesses of the Asturias the banner of the cross was unfurled, and step by step it advanced, sometimes wavering but always facing the foe, until it floated triumphant from the walls of Granada. Except when Charles Martel repulsed the Moor at Tours, the rest of Europe was never threatened by the Crescent. Fanatics and adventurers went forth from England, France, and Germany to fight and squabble in the Holy Land, but that was not religious warfare as the Spaniard knew it. In fighting for his faith, he was fighting for his home; to him religion meant existence. Is it any wonder that he became a fanatic, and his land the stronghold of the Church? There could be but one religion for such a people. It was his faith for which the Spaniard fought, and in consequence the ecclesiastic obtained a power which he has never attained elsewhere—even in

Italy itself. The fall of Granada took place but four hundred years ago. Is it any wonder that the religious impetus of those seven centuries should have lasted even to our day? The religious fervor which was excited to inspire the armies has endured, and with it the abhorrence for all that is Mohammedan. It is declared that because bathing was a religious ceremony of the Moors, it, perforce, became an unholy act for the Spaniard.

With the fall of Granada Spain became a nation. For the first time the many petty kingdoms which had arisen from the remnants of Gothic rule were united in the persons of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile. Only Portugal held aloof, and there was every promise that she too might be brought within the national fold. But the Catholic kings, the creators of United Spain, sowed the seeds of her ruin. Isabella, the sterling womanly queen, whose love for her people and zeal for her Church carried her to the point of fanaticism, and Ferdinand, the crafty, grasping politician, combined those qualities which intensified in the



From the painting by Turina.

POPULAR FÊTE EARLY IN SIXTH CENTURY



persons of Charles I. and his son Philip, were to complete the ruin of Spain.

The moment the Spanish Empire was fully created, it began to disintegrate. A century of victories followed, but they were ruinous to Spain. Isabella the zealous, Ferdinand the crafty, each played a characteristic part in the ruin of their country, a ruin they could not foresee, but one which was sure to follow the mistaken policy they inaugurated. The same hand which sent Columbus forth to add a new world to Castile signed the edict for the expulsion of the Jews, and sent two hundred thousand Spaniards, men, women, and children, rich and poor, able and infirm, forth from their homes to suffer and die in exile.

Sisenand, the Goth, had nine hundred years before promulgated a similar decree, but he had been too tender-hearted to enforce it. Seven centuries of religious warfare had hardened the heart of even the best of Spanish kings. The persecution of the

Moors and their final expulsion by one of the weak-minded Philips' was merely a corollary to this act, and finally, beyond these cruelties, came the dreadful engine of the Inquisition. Torquemada, the queen's confessor, whose name is synonymous with cruelty and persecution, was placed in charge, with orders to stamp out heresy, of whatever trifling shade of opinion, and over ten thousand persons were burned alive during the eighteen years of his supremacy. The Inquisition in Torquemada's day was

merely directed against the Jews. Yet the sufferings of the Jew and the Moor were but a part of the injury which Isabella's zeal brought to her land. The Jews and the Moors were traders and artisans—in a word, they were the middle class. The Spaniard, on the contrary, was always either a warrior, a priest, or a peasant. The land when bereft of the Jew and the Moor lost that commercial element which is the leaven of every prosperous country. A nation all warriors, priests, and peasants can never thrive.

One useful class, however, remained—the thinkers.

But Spain was yet to suffer a still severer blow. Presently the fires of the Inquisition were lighted for the thinkers. Free thought was refused a place in Spanish counsels, and with it went the philosopher, the scientist, and the inventor. Then the soldier, the priest, and the peasant alone remained. There were painters and writers, to be sure, but they painted and

wrote to please the court; they dared not think. That they were great in spite of the Inquisition and its horrors was a tribute to their capability.

All this was the miserable outcome of Isabella's zeal for her faith. Philip II. but continued to the bitter end the policy she had inaugurated. But Isabella was not alone in sowing the seeds of her country's downfall. Ferdinand, crafty and grasping, saw in the broad field of European politics a goal for his ambition. He schemed, and while he plotted his



*From a portrait by Valazquez.*

COUNT-DUKE OF OLIVARES, FAVORITE OF PHILIP IV.

soldiers fought, until Italy and Sicily were under his sway. The Austrian marriage of his daughter brought the half of Europe under the scepter of his grandson, Charles I.

While Isabella with her Ximenes and her Torquemada were cementing the already overweening ecclesiastical power, the Spanish soldiers of Gonzalo de Córdoba—"The Great Captain"—trained in Moorish warfare, were revolutionizing tactics on the plains of Italy, and making the Spanish infantry the terror of Europe. A new world, too, was being added to the Spanish crown, in order that its gold might defray the expense of conquest.

The warlike spirit and the fanaticism engendered by the Moorish wars sought new outlets on the battle-fields of Europe and in the *Auto de Fé*. It was an age of martial glory for the Spaniard, but won at what a price! Conquest for the love of conquest; persecution in the name of religion. The warrior and the cleric were all dominant: the peasant paid the price. Charles I. and Philip II. were but a repetition of Ferdinand and Isabella, save that the one was a greater soldier and the other a more relentless bigot. The one was a foreigner who saw in Spain merely a means to satisfy his ambition; the other a Spaniard who saw in his foreign subjects a means to satisfy his fanaticism. Both continued the ruin of Spain which the Catholic kings had commenced.

When their reigns were over, Spain was exhausted; the soldier and ecclesiastic had held full sway, but there were no more soldiers to fight, and no heretics were left to burn; there was no commercial and artisan class to recoup the resources of the realm. Those whom persecution had spared had been ruined by financial laws, so



AN ANDALUSIAN TYPE.

there was nothing for the soldier and religious to do but squabble, and plot, and quarrel. Nothing for the peasant but to toil and suffer. The country was in the unhealthy ferment of stagnation. A good king might have saved the land even then; but instead there came a



TYPICAL BULL-FIGHTER.

sequence of three imbeciles from the House of Austria, and a line of foreign Bourbons thrust on Spain through the war of the Spanish succession. One court favorite after another ruled the unhappy land. One province after another fell away, until but the mother-country, Cuba, and a few scattered islands remained.

The Spaniard bore misrule more patiently than his treatment warranted. What good government might have done for Spain was exemplified by the wise, internal policy of Charles III. Had his successors been of his own stamp instead of that of the miserable Charles IV., and the yet more unfortunate Ferdinand VII., Spain might still stand among the great powers of the world. But in those days of her deepest adversity, when her monarch and his son were quarreling, and after seven kings in succession had wasted what few resources the aggressive policy of Charles I. and Philip II. had left untouched, unhappy Spain fought for her worthless royal house against the power of Napoleon as no country in Europe fought. The French could not conquer the Spaniard, and in the siege of Saragossa the heroism of Saguntum and Numantia was reenacted. It is difficult, however, to judge correctly the history of the Peninsula war. The English authorities scarcely consider the Spaniard, the Spanish writers begrudgingly acknowledge the help rendered by the Briton in driving the French from their land. But of Saragossa there





SARAGOSSA GATE OF NUESTRA SEÑORA DE CARMEN, SHOWING MARKS OF FRENCH CANNON-BALLS.

can be but one opinion: there were no British there, and the annals of that siege are among the most heroic of history.

The reward of the Spaniard for his heroic resistance was a king, if possible, more pernicious than any who had gone before. In the person of Ferdinand VII. were united the worst qualities a monarch could possess, and those he did not have were found in his queen. The latter was the disturbing spirit of the reign of the young Queen Isabella II. She plotted and intrigued, and by her example and teaching made possible the unhappy ending of that queen's reign. Isabella was not at heart as bad as she had been painted, but she was capricious and passionate, and between Espartero, O'Donnell, Serrano, and the Carlist pretenders, the wretched country was dragged on a steadily downward career. Yet Isabella conferred one blessing upon her country: she founded the Guardia Civil, a gendarmerie modeled after the Holy Brotherhood of her great name-

sake, an exemplary police, who have made traveling in Spain as safe as in any country of Europe.

The revolution which drove Isabella from her throne, the provisional government of General Prim, the short-lived monarchy of Amodeus, the equally short-lived republic of Castelar, were but the desperation of a people who could endure no more. Ground down by oppression, they struggled to free themselves from their miserable rulers, but the governments thus created so passionately were too quickly formed, though out of them grew a monarchy more liberal, more tolerant than any which had gone before. Alfonso XII. was not an exemplary king, but he was good as kings go in Spain. He was Spanish in his sympathies, and

he accomplished as much as could be expected of a monarch whose throne was so unstable. In his wife, Queen Maria Christina, the present regent, Spain has the first requisite of a happy land, a ruler whom the



PEASANTS.

people not only respect but truly love.

Twenty years of peace have been of inestimable benefit to the people of the Peninsula; but the country was in too exhausted a condition immediately to resume its place among the nations of the world. And now comes this wretched Cuban war to arrest again the hand of progress. The Spaniard had not learned in the school of adversity the lesson which should have stood him in stead at this crisis. Had he seen in his own struggles against the Roman and the Moor, in the revolt of the Netherlands in his own fight against Napoleon, and in the fight for freedom of his American colonies, the futility of forcing a foreign rule upon a people determined to achieve their independence, this war might have been prevented.

He undoubtedly realizes his error now, but his pride is at stake. Cuba is all that remains to Spain of an empire upon which it was once the boast that the sun never set. Spanish statesmen declare that Cuba must be conquered, no matter what the sacrifices may be. It will be time to talk of needed reform after the greater Antille has been brought back into the national fold. There is a ring of fatalism in this sentiment; it is the cry of a proud but desperate warrior.

The modern Spaniard is the logical outcome of his history. He is proud, sentimental, fanatical even, but not

progressive as we understand progression. His courtliness is admirable, but excessive. He dwells too much upon the glories of Pavia and San Quintin, without realizing that those very victories hastened the downfall of Spanish power. He dreams of the splendid empire which Columbus and his successors gave to Castile and Leon; but he forgets that there was but one Las Casas, and too many of the stamp of Cortez, Pizarro, and Ovando; he forgets that there was but

one Talavera, Bishop of Granada, and too many uncompromising prelates like Ximenes and Torquemada. The Spaniard's character has been formed by seven centuries of crusading and a century of progress. The exigencies of history have made him a warrior, but the incapacity of fourteen bad kings has lost him the power to conquer.

Yet in spite of the influence of past traditions and present sentiment the Spaniard is awakening. Twenty years have wrought marvelous changes in the Peninsula, and though the spirit of the past still hovers over the land,—the spirit which exiled the Jew and the Moor,—there are many signs which inspire the lover of Spain with the hope that under a more democratic rule she may find the dawn of a new civilization, where victories will be acquired in the realms of art, and science, and philosophy, instead of in the clash of arms.



A DANCING-GIRL OF TO-DAY.



## GREAT ORATORS AND THE LYCEUM.

BY JAMES B. POND.

JOHN B.  
GOUGH.

John B. Gough deserved the title of "King of the Lecture World," if popularity is to be considered the sole test; but if eloquence and the power to hold and charm audiences be made the test, then Mr. Beecher and Wendell Phillips must contest the title with him. Mr. Gough was a more popular lecturer for a longer term of years than any favorite of the lyceums. He was a born orator of great dramatic power. Men of culture, but less natural ability, used to be fond of attributing his success to the supposed fact that he was an evangelical comedian, and that the "unco' guid," whose religious prejudices would not suffer them to go to the theaters, found a substi-

tute in listening to the comic stories and the dramatic delivery of Gough. This theory does not suffice to explain the universal and long-continued popularity of this great orator. He never faced an audience that he did not capture and captivate, and not in the United States only, not in the North only where his popularity never wavered, but in the South where Yankees were not in favor, and in the Canadian provinces where they were disliked, and in every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland as well. He delighted not only all the intelligent audiences he addressed in these six nations—for during most of his career our North and our South were at heart two nations, making with Canada three distinct peoples on our continent,

NOTE.—The author of these reminiscences, James B. Pond, or Major Pond, as he is familiarly known from one end of the world to the other, occupies a unique position towards and in the world of celebrities. His career dates back to the beginning of popular lecturing in this country, and to-day he stands practically alone in the business of supplying attractions for the lecture stage. This long connection has naturally brought Major Pond into close personal contact with many of the great ones of the earth in every sphere of prominence. Veteran in the service as he is, he possesses still those energetic and magnetic qualities which make it easy to understand how his relations with those for whom he has acted as manager were friendly as well as professional. The portraits produced in connection with these reminiscences are from Major Pond's private collection, and many of them are of great value because they are unique examples. The office at the Everett House in New York, where Major Pond conducts his business, is a repository of interesting mementos of people who are great or once were great. Some of them have passed away, a few have sunk from prominence into obscurity, and some are still prominent in the public eye. The walls are covered with portraits which bring up many a vivid recollection to any one who has ever sought the public lecture-room as a means of education or amusement.—EDITOR.



From a photo. by Rockwood, N. Y.  
JAMES B. POND.

and the three distinct nationalities in the British Islands—but he delighted all kinds and conditions of men. He was at his best before an educated audience in an evangelical community; but when he addressed a "minion" audience in North street (the Five Points region of Boston) he charmed the gamins and laboring men who gathered there, as much as he fascinated the cultivated audiences in the Music Hall. It is true that he was richly endowed with dramatic powers, and if he had taken to the stage he would have left a great name in the annals of the select upper circle of the drama. But he preferred to save and instruct men rather than to amuse them, and he devoted his life to the temperance movement and the lyceum. He was a charming man, personally: modest, unassuming, kind-hearted, and sincere, always ready to help a struggling cause or a needy man. He was a zealous Christian, but never obtruded his peculiar belief offensively upon others. One had to see him at his home to learn how deeply devoted to the Christian faith he was. Mr. Gough never asked a fee in his life. He left his remunerations to the public who employed him. These rose year after year, beginning with less than a dollar, at times, until when the bureau did his business for him they reached from two hun-

dred dollars, the lowest fee, to five hundred dollars a night. In the last years of his life his annual income exceeded thirty thousand dollars. He did more to promote the temperance cause than any man who ever lived, not excepting Father Matthew, the great Irish apostle.

It is strange, but it is a fact, that although Gough never broke down in his life as an orator, and never failed to capture his audience, he always had a mild sort of stage-fright which never vanished, until he began to speak. To get time to master this fright was his reason for insisting upon being "introduced" to his audiences before he spoke, and he so insisted even in New England, where the absurd custom had been abandoned for years. While the chairman was introducing him, Mr. Gough was "bracing up" to overcome his stage-fright. By the way, let me say right here (as the phrase "bracing up" has two meanings), that the slanderous statements often started against Mr. Gough, to the effect that he sometimes took a drink in secret, were wholly and wickedly untrue. In his autobiography, Mr. Gough has told the story of his fall, his conversion, and his one relapse, and has told it truthfully. He was absolutely and always, after his first

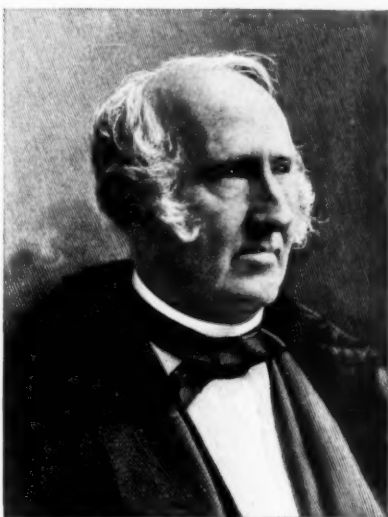


A WALL OF MAJOR POND'S OFFICE.

relapse, a total abstinence man in creed and life. There never lived a truer man.

One morning in Boston, as Petroleum V. Nasby was coming into the office of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, he passed John B. Gough going out. I noticed that they did not salute each other. Nasby remarked: "I suppose Gough is mad at me. I was in St. Paul, hard up for a newspaper letter, and seeing that Gough was registered at the same hotel, I ordered two cocktails sent to his room and wrote my story on what I saw."

For forty years he held the reputation as first in the land as an orator and champion of temperance. Mr. Gough probably delivered more lectures than any man who has lived in the present age. From a carefully kept record we find that from 1842 to 1852 he lectured on an average of three hundred times a year, making three thousand lectures in all. From 1852 to 1860, he averaged two hundred and sixty times a year, or two thousand and eighty lectures on Temperance. Of these, one thousand one hundred and sixty were delivered in Great Britain. Since 1860, Mr. Gough lectured on miscellaneous subjects. Each year he prepared a new lecture with a new subject. Among the most taking were: "Eloquence and Orators," "Peculiar People," "Fact and Fiction," "Habit," "Curiosity," "Circumstances," "Will it Pay?" "Now and Then," "Night Scenes," "Blunders," (his last). From 1861 until the time of his death, February 1, 1886, he delivered three thousand five hundred and twenty-six lectures. In all, according to Gough's record, nine thousand six hundred addresses before nine million hearers. John B. Gough was among the heroes of the nineteenth century. The incalculable good he did to his fellow-men during his life can scarcely be estimated.



From a photo. by Sarony, N. Y.  
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WENDELL  
PHILLIPS.

It is no idle statement when we say that he has been the direct means of saving tens of thousands from moral ruin and raising them from the lowest depths of degradation to be law-abiding Christian men and women. It was my privilege in 1879 to see in the temperance department of Mr. Gough's library four large books bound in calf, containing the names of over one hundred and forty thousand men, women, and children, who had by his own personal efforts been induced to sign the pledge.

Wendell Phillips, as long as he lived, was one of the great triumvirate of lecture kings, Gough and Beecher being the other members. Other men for a season, and sometimes for two or three years, were as popular as any one of these, but theirs was a calcium light popularity, whereas that of the big three, so to speak, endured for their entire lives. Gough was a man of the people, the son of a workingman and himself a workingman, self-educated, but not what is technically called a scholar; whereas Phillips was the bluest of the blue blood of New England. His forefather came over in the *Arabella*, the vessel that followed the Mayflower, and there was a clergyman in every generation from the first immigrant to Phillips himself. They were always prominent people. Phillips studied for the law and there was a brilliant career open for him. When he was at college, he showed no sympathy with any radical movement. On the contrary, he was a member of an exclusive set known as The Gentlemen's Club, and used to laugh at Sumner for taking Garrison's "Liberator." But he happened one day to attend a meeting in Faneuil Hall, and heard the attorney general of the State vindicate the mur-



*From a photo. by Bradley & Rulofson, San Francisco.*  
COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

derers of Lovejoy, in Illinois, and say that Lovejoy died as the fool dieth. Young Phillips sprang to his feet at once and delivered a short speech which placed him at the head of the orators of New England, a position he kept until he lay still in death. That incident made him an abolitionist for life. He abandoned all ideas of eminence in law or politics and determined to devote his whole life to the antislavery agitation.

He was the most polished and graceful orator our country ever produced. He spoke as quietly as if he were talking in his own parlor, and almost entirely without gestures, yet he had as great a power over all kinds of audiences as any American of whom we have any record. Often called before howling mobs, who had come to the lecture-room to prevent him from being heard, and who would shout and sing to drown his voice, he never failed to subdue them in a short time. These were occasions when even such men as Garrison and Theodore Parker were as powerless as children and were forced to retire. One illustration of his power and tact occurred in Boston. The majority of the audience was hostile.

They yelled and sang and completely drowned his voice. The reporters were seated in a row just under the platform, in the place where the orchestra play in an ordinary theater. Phillips made no attempt to address the howling audience but bent over and seemed to be speaking in a low tone to the reporters. By and by the curiosity of the howling audience was excited: they ceased to clamor and tried to hear what he was saying to the reporters. Phillips looked at them and said quietly:

"Go on, gentlemen, go on. I do not need your ears. Through these pencils I speak to twenty millions of people."

Not a voice was raised again. The mob had found its master and stayed whipped until he sat down.

Now that Phillips and Garrison and the era in which they flourished have passed into history, it is usual for writers who treat of that period to talk of Phillips and Garrison as if they were equals, or of Phillips, even as if he were Garrison's inferior. Those who knew both men smile at such absurdities. Phillips and Garrison were equals in one respect only—in moral courage and unselfish devotion to freedom. But Garrison was a commonplace man in point of intellectual ability, whereas Phillips



*From a photo. by Sarony, N. Y.*  
THOMAS NAST.



was a man of genius and of rarest culture. Garrison was a strong platform speaker. Phillips was one of the greatest orators of the century. John Bright, indeed, used to speak of him as the greatest orator who spoke the English tongue. It is here that no Englishman even approached Phillips, and in America only three men of his time could contest the palm of eloquence with him—Webster, Clay, and Beecher.

Mr. Phillips was in demand wherever his services could be secured. He did not earn so much money lecturing as he might have made. He never allowed lecture committees to lose money. In cases of bad weather, or a disappointment of any kind to the persons who had failed to realize a profit on the large fee promised, he would invariably insist that he receive only an equitable portion of the profits. Seldom was there such an occasion, for his were the palmiest days of the lyceum. Following is a characteristic incident which occurred in 1874. Mr. Phillips came into our office one morning to get his list of appointments. Mr. Hathaway, my partner, told him that we had one open date. Springfield had offered two hundred and fifty dollars for it, and Natick was very anxious to secure him, but could pay only seventy-five dollars. Mr. Phillips asked: "What is the population of each city?" On figuring that the former was a large city, and the latter a village, he said: "Natick offers more in proportion to her population than Springfield. Let Natick have it."

Mr. Phillips's repertoire was encyclopaedic, embracing a vast list: travel, science, current politics, reform, labor, antislavery, education, legal topics, foreign matters, biography, and religion. Some of his titles were: "Street Life in Europe"; "The Lost Arts"; "The Times, or a Lesson of the Hour"; "Temperance"; "Woman"; "The Indians, or in Early Days"; "Agitation"; "Training"; "Law and Lawyers"; "Courts and Jails"; "The Irish Question"; "O'Connell"; "Summer", and "Christianity a Battle, not a Dream."

No speaker of his day ever treated a greater variety of topics, nor with more even excellence, than Wendell Phillips. I quote from some of his letters illustrating an experience while on a long



From a photo, by Rose & Co., Denver.

"TH. NAST," BY THOMAS NAST.

western lecture tour. From Illinois he writes in a car with a lead-pencil: "The weather is dull: only two days since I left that I have seen the sun. Rain, snow, clouds, damp, mud, and grim heavens. Still, the audiences are large." From one of the oil towns in Pennsylvania: "Here I am in an oil town, mud over the hubs of the wheels; literally, one horse was smothered in it; the queerest crowd of men, with trousers tucked in their boots; no privacy—hotels all one crowd—chambers mere thoroughfares, everybody passing through at will, and here I must stay until Sunday. I find some of the Boston people here. Everybody here is making money—the first place I have found where this is the case. Explanation—they have all struck oil."

Again he writes from an Iowa town: "It has been extremely cold. I have been in the smaller towns and have had poor hotels and a generally hard time, rushed from one train to another, and puffed from station to station. In eleven days I have slept in a regular bed but four nights, still I have been fortunate in filling every engagement, and Sumner has been the favorite subject."

"In Milwaukee, I was at the 'Plankinton' where I had a fine suite of rooms, bath, chamber, parlor with pier glass ten feet high and five feet broad—nothing showy—just comfortable."

Another time from Davenport, Iowa, to Redpath, his former abolitionist friend, as well as manager: "I, the traveler, the 'elderly gentleman,' have been—kissed! in Illinois! Put that in your pipe and smoke it, if you can without choking your envious soul. Yes, kissed!! on a public platform, in front of a depot, the

whole world envying me. 'Who did it,' do you ask? It was an old man of seventy-three years—a veteran abolitionist, a lovely old saint. In the early days of the cause we used to kiss each other like the early Christians, and when he saw me he resumed the habit."



From a photo. by Kent, Rochester, N. Y.  
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

FREDERICK  
DOUGLASS.

Frederick Douglass for two or three decades was one of the favorites of the lyceum, which he only abandoned after the emancipation of his race. Douglass, beyond all comparison, was the ablest man the black race ever produced in our country, either among the pure blacks or those of mixed blood. He himself was a mulatto. His father was a white man of a distinguished Maryland family, and his mother was a pure black, who was his father's slave. That

is, the mother was a pure black, and his father, a pure—or, perhaps, I should say—an impure white. He always gave his mother the credit for his talent.

Of course, under the law of slavery, which made the child follow the condition of the mother, not of the father, Frederick Douglass was born a slave. His father was his master, his owner, with the power to sell him as if he had been an ox or a mule. This was a shrewd as well as an inhuman law. For, if the child had followed the condition of the father, instead of the mother, the half-breeds, of course, would have been free. Of course, being born slaves, the children were brought up in ignorance, for it was a penitentiary offense to teach a slave to read. With favorite slaves, under kind masters, this law was often evaded, and the young negroes were sometimes taught to read by some members of the house-



hold, while others acquired secretly the rudiments of an education. This, also, was a shrewd law, for to have educated the slaves would soon have rendered it impossible to keep them in slavery. In early manhood, Frederick managed to escape on a ship, and landed in New Bedford, Massachusetts. There he learned to read, and worked at such employment as he could find. By and by he attended antislavery meetings, and soon became a popular speaker. His graphic accounts of his life as a slave were very popular.

I may add here that his autobiography is one of the most interesting accounts of slave-life in the English language. From giving the story of his life, he gradually branched into discussions of the political questions of the day connected with the antislavery movement, and next to Phillips he was probably the ablest orator of the antislavery movement. Eventually, he went to Rochester and published for many years a weekly antislavery paper. Its title was "Frederick Douglass's Paper," which, next to Garrison's "Liberator," and "The Anti-Slavery Standard," was recognized as the ablest antislavery journal in America. This seemed to be but the natural step to the lyceum platform, and his fame spread so rapidly that he took rank in the favor of the lecture-going public with Phillips and the other leading lights of the lyceum.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

George William Curtis, a generation since—a decade before the war, during the war, and for some time after its close—was one of the standard favorites of the lyceum. He was sure of a hundred engagements every season at from two hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars a lecture. But he got tired of it, and after his engagement as editor of Harper's Weekly, he rarely lectured at all, and only when he wished to aid some local library or charity. He had ceased to be a professional lecturer for many years before his death. He was a polished orator and read his lecture with the skill of a trained elocutionist. Indeed, he was almost the only man who had ever retained popularity and yet read his lectures.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is without doubt one of the greatest popular orators now living. Ingersoll will never receive the full credit due to his great success as an orator during the present generation, as his vehement assaults on the Christian religion have aroused so many and such powerful enmities. But without regarding his creed, judging him solely by his power as an orator, no nation can to-day produce his equal. There is poetry, wit, humor, sarcasm, and tenderest pathos in nearly every lecture he delivers, whether on religion or politics. Colonel Ingersoll is not invited by the lyceums to lecture in their regular courses, as his infidelity arouses the opposition of all orthodox committees. But his fame is such that he does not need aid in procuring audiences. Whenever he wants to lecture, he sends out an agent, "hires a hall,"



From a photo, by Puch Bros., N. Y.  
FELIX ADLER.

and lectures at his own risk, and almost always, when in large cities, to his own great pecuniary benefit. In the smaller towns the church influence is always too much for him, and it does not pay him to lecture there.

While coming from New England one



*From a photo. by White, Hartford, Conn.*  
JOHN B. GOUGH.

day with Mr. Beecher, I found Colonel Ingersoll in the same car. After a pleasant salutation between the two, the Colonel went to his seat. In his mischievous way, Mr. Beecher said: "I have written that man's epitaph." He showed me, written on the margin of a newspaper, with his pencil, "Robert Burns."

CARL  
SCHURZ.

Carl Schurz has long held an eminent place since he first came to the United States as a revolutionary exile from Germany. He is decidedly the ablest orator we ever had of German nationality. As a politician, stump orator, cabinet minister, and lecturer, he has always been reckoned in the very highest rank. Mr. Schurz is not fond of traveling, and I imagine that because of this he has changed from public to business life.

JAMES WHIT-  
COMB RILEY.

Mr. Riley, "the Hoosier poet," is the most successful of our poets on the platform. His recitations of his own pathetic and humorous dialect poems touch the tender chords in the hearts of the people, and they vibrate in sympathy with the joys of his creations. A popular poet is not always a popular reader of his own poems, but Mr. Riley is fully as effective

with his voice as with his pen. He might be called the American Burns.

LEW  
WALLACE.

Lew Wallace has made three distinct and creditable reputations,—as a soldier in the war between the States, as a lawyer and orator, and as an author. His military career is one of the disputed problems of the war. As a state lawyer and political speaker, he is confessedly one of the most distinguished at the bar, and on the stump of Indiana. As a novelist, he has made one of the most brilliant successes of late years. His "Ben Hur" has had only one rival in popularity in America—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." As a lecturer, he has proven one of the best attractions in the lyceum, and his popularity is increasing.

GEORGE W.  
CABLE.

As a novelist and unequaled delineator of Creole life, Mr. Cable has made a reputation second to no American novelist now living. As a reader of his own writings, he is widely known, having appeared in nearly all the lyceums in the country during the past two years. He is not a literary artist merely, but a man with an earnest purpose and profound convictions—qualifications which are essential to platform success. He is thoroughly successful both as a reader and lecturer; so successful, that it is impossible to add to what has already been said and written in his praise.

DR. FELIX  
ADLER.

Doctor Adler is one of the most eminent scholars and theologians of the Hebrew race. He addresses every Sunday in Music Hall, New York, one of the largest and most cultured audiences in the metropolis—the Society of Ethical Culture, of which he was the founder. Indeed, Dr. Adler may be regarded as one of the intellectual attractions of New York. He is a man of great eloquence and originality of thought, and is recognized as one of the most prominent leaders of modern thought.

JOHN L.  
STODDARD.

John L. Stoddard is the most phenomenal success as a professional lecturer, pure and simple, that I have ever known. He began with the bureau in 1878, to

gether with what he could do for himself, as the bureau did not see enough in his lectures to make him an offer for all of his time. I heard him several times in churches in and about Boston, and declared him a success. I wanted to make him a big offer for his time but partnership stipulations, that our firm should not speculate, prevented. I went nightly to hear him and to see his pictures. Two young men engaged him for a lecture in Music Hall, Boston, and made a lot of money. They tried it again with the same result; then in suburban towns. Until the warm summer days and short nights set in, crowds were limited to the capacity of the auditoriums. I have heard many lecturers whom I thought Stoddard's superior from a professional point of view; but no lectures with illustrations have ever drawn one quarter the people to hear them. Men and women say to me: "What is the secret of this man's success?" My only answer is: "The people like to hear him. I like to hear him." I am not his manager. He cannot afford to lecture in lyceums. His managers engage the largest halls and run the lectures themselves, and return year after year to the same large business and the same public.

JOHN BOYLE  
O'REILLY.

John Boyle O'Reilly, at the time of his death, was the editor of the Boston "Pilot," the leading Roman Catholic newspaper of New England, and the first weekly devoted to Catholic and Irish interests ever published in this country. O'Reilly had passed an eventful life. Enlisting when a young man in the British cavalry, he was so disgusted and enraged with the tyranny exercised over the Irish, which he witnessed as a dragoon, that he became a Fenian, and persuaded several of his comrades to follow his example. This was a capital offense. He was arrested and brought to trial, sentenced to penal servitude for life and sent to

Australia as a convict. After serving there for some years he escaped and was brought by a New England whaler to this country where he spent the rest of his life championing the cause of his countrymen.

THOMAS  
NAST.

Every American knows the name of Nast. Up to his time caricature had been a minor branch of art. He made it one of the most potent agencies for creat-

ing and influencing public opinion. No editor or orator, no division commander in our army, no captain in our navy, did more to put down the Rebellion, with pen, tongue, and sword, than Mr. Nast did with his pencil; his war pictures were military assaults. They stirred the patriotic blood of the North and sent battalions of youth to rally round the flag.

Like many famous artists, Mr. Nast was personally shy, and was with great difficulty persuaded to lecture by Mr. Redpath, who even took

passage upon the steamer that was carrying Mr. Nast from America to accomplish his purpose. In 1874 Thomas Nast made his début as a lecturer. His lectures were illustrated. He drew on large sheets of paper crayon pictures and pictures in oil, in the presence of the audience. The crayons were both plain and colored, and he drew with such amazing rapidity that the audiences were delighted.

He had a long list of engagements, six nights a week, with a certainty of from two hundred dollars to five hundred dollars a lecture. That season he earned forty thousand dollars.

Although he met with great success, Mr. Nast had such a distaste for the work that he could not be induced to try another season. He at first had stage fright in the worst form. When he was to make his first appearance in a country town in Massachusetts—Peabody I believe—he asked Mr. Redpath to go with him and, when he arrived at the hall, he



From a photo. by Conly, Boston.  
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

said: "Now, Redpath, you got me into this scrape and you will have to go on the platform with me." Mr. Redpath, who never had that sort of fever, readily enough consented, and sat on a chair close behind the artist. He said that Mr. Nast was so nervous that he dug his nails into the reading desk. A few months afterwards, Mr. Nast faced a New York audience in Steinway Hall as jauntily as if he had been a veteran comedian.

CHAPLAIN  
McCABE.

nity of Bishop of the Methodist Church, is an orator, known far and wide for the influence exerted in Libbey Prison while singing and talking to dying comrades. He told me that he made over one hundred thousand dollars with his lecture on Libbey Prison between 1870 to 1880.

ELIZABETH CADY  
STANTON.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton is usually ranked higher in the list of Women's Rights women than Miss Anthony; but while her services have been long and distinguished, Miss Anthony was in the field before her and has done more work. However, there is not, nor has there been, any rivalry between these two famous women. Mrs. Stanton to-day is unquestionably the ablest orator and the most scholarly woman in the movement.

SUSAN B.  
ANTHONY.

occupy in the history of the Woman's Rights movement, the same position that William Lloyd Garrison held in the history of the antislavery movement—

Chaplain McCabe, who has been recently raised to the dig-

the position of a sincere pioneer whose fidelity to principle and tenacity of purpose never faltered nor failed. She deserves a place in the foremost ranks of the champions of her sex. She has given her whole life and her whole heart to the work. She is one of our ablest women orators. It now looks as though these veteran women may live to see the triumph of their cause.

MARY A.  
LIVERMORE.

has been humanity since I first met

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is known as editor, author, lecturer, whose cause her in Chicago in 1860, where I saw her among the reporters at the Wigwam, when Abraham Lincoln was first nominated for President. Her first broad experience of the war was at Fort Donelson among the wounded and dying. She was the chief organizer of the United States Sanitary and Christian Commission, helped to raise over sixty millions of dollars for the relief of the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers in our hospitals, conducted colossal sanitary fairs in all the large cities, and wrote a history of them



From a photo. by Savony, N. Y.

GEN. LEW WALLACE.

at their close. Then she returned to New England, and has since resided in Melrose, Massachusetts.

For twenty-five years Mrs. Livermore has been the most conspicuous of women orators on the lecture platform. Hers was the first woman's name on the list of the Redpath Bureau. She has the widest range of topics of any lecturer: biographical, historical, political, religious, and reformatory. She has traveled more miles than any woman living, and she has been as earnest an advocate for the cause of temperance as she was a friend of the soldier.

## URIEL ACOSTA.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

### PART I.—GABRIEL DA COSTA.

#### I.

GABRIEL DA COSTA pricked his horse gently with the spur, and dashing down the long avenue of cork-trees, strove to forget the torment of spiritual problems in the fury of physical movement, to leave theology behind with the monasteries and chapels of Porto. He rode with grace and fire, this beautiful youth with the flashing eyes, and the dark hair flowing down the silken doublet, whom a poet might have feigned an image of the passionate spring of the South, but for whose own soul the warm blue sky of Portugal, the white of the almond blossoms, the pink of the peach sprays, the delicate odors of buds, and the glad clamor of birds made only a vague background to a whirl of thoughts.

No; it was impossible to believe that by confessing his sins as the Church prescribed, he could obtain a plenary absolution. If salvation was to be secured only by particular rules, why then one might despair of salvation altogether. And, perhaps, eternal damnation was indeed his destiny, were it only for his doubts, and in despite of all his punctilious mechanical worship. Oh, for a deliverer—a deliverer from the questionings that made the splendid gloom of cathedrals a darkness for the captive spirit! That cursed zealotry of a new order! His blood flamed as he thought of their manœuvrings, and putting his hand to his holster, where hung a pair of silver-mounted pistols marked with his initial, he drew out one and took flying aim at a bird on a twig, pleasing himself with the foolish fancy that 'twas a zealot. But though a sure marksman, he had not the heart to hurt any living thing, and changing with the swiftness of a flash he shot at the twig instead, snapping it off.

Why had his dead father set him to study ecclesiastical law? True, for a wealthy youth of the upper middle classes 'twas the one road to distinction, to social equality with the nobility—and whose fault but his own that even after the first

stirrings of skepticism he had accepted semi-sacerdotal office as chief treasurer of a clerical college? But how should he foresee that these uneasinesses of youth would be aggravated rather than appeased by deeper study, more passionate devotion? Strange! All around him, in college or cathedral, was faith and peace; in his spirit alone a disquiet and a suppressed ferment that not all the soaring music of fresh-voiced boys could soothe.

He felt his horse slacken suddenly under him, and had used his spurs viciously without effect, ere he became conscious that he had come to the steep, clayey bank of a ravine, and that the animal's flanks were stained with blood. Instantly his eyes grew humid.

"*Pobre!*" he cried, leaping from the saddle and caressing the horse's nostrils. "To be shamed before men have I always dreaded, but 'tis worse to be shamed before myself."

And leading his steed by the bridle, the young cavalier turned back toward Porto by winding grassy paths purpled with anemones and bordered by gray olive-trees, with here and there the vivid gleam of oranges peeping amid deep green foliage that tore the sky into a thousand azure patches.

#### II.

He remounted his horse as he neared the market-place, from which the town climbed up; but he found his way blocked, for 'twas market-day, and the great square, bordered with a colonnade that made an Eastern bazaar, was thickly planted with stalls, whose white canvas awnings struck a delicious note of coolness against the throbbing blue sky and the flaming costumes of the peasants come up from the environs. Through a corner of the *praça* one saw poplars and elms and the fresh gleam of the river. The nasal hum of many voices sounded blithe and busy. At the bazaar entrance, where old women vended flowers and fruit, Gabriel reined in his horse.

"How happy these simple souls!" he

mused. "How sure of their salvation! To count their beads and mutter their prayers; 'tis all they need. Yon fisher, who throws his nets and cuddles his Juanita and carouses with his mates, hath more to thank the saints for than miserable I, who, blessed with wealth, am cursed with loneliness, and loving my fellow-men, yet know they are but sheep. God's sheep, nathless, silly and deaf to the cry of their true shepherd, and misled by ecclesiastical wolves."

A cripple interrupted his reflections by a whining appeal. Gabriel shuddered with pity for his sores, and, giving him a piece of silver, lost himself in a new reverie on the mystery of suffering.

"Thine herbs sold out, too!" cheerily grumbled a well-known voice, and, turning his head, Gabriel saw that the burly old gentleman addressing the wrinkled market-woman from the vantage-point of a mule's back was, indeed, Dom Diego de Balthasar, late professor of the logics at the University of Coimbra, and newly settled in Porto as a physician.

"Aye, indeed, ere noon!" the dried-up old dame mumbled. "All Porto seems hungry for bitter herbs to-day. But thus it happens sometimes about Eastertide, though I love not such salads myself."

"Naturally. They are good for the blood," laughed Dom Diego, as his eye caught Gabriel's. "And thou hast none, good dame."

There seemed almost a wink in the professorial eye, and the young horseman smiled in good-natured response to the physician's estimate of the jest.

"Then are the eaters sensible," he said.

"Aye, the only sensible people in Portugal," rejoined Dom Diego, changing his speech to Latin, but retaining his smile. "And the only good blood, *Da Costa*," he added, with what was now an unmistakable wink. But this time Gabriel failed to see the point.

"The only good blood?" he repeated. "Dost thou then hold with the Trappists that meat is an evil?"

A strange, startled look flashed across the physician's face, sweeping off its ruddy hue, and though his smile returned on the instant, it was as though forced.

"In a measure," he replied. "Too much flesh generateth humors and distempers in the blood. Hence the Church

hath ordained Lent. She is no friend to us physicians. *Adeos!*" and he ambled off, waving a laughing farewell.

But Gabriel, skirting the market, rode up the steep streets troubled by a vague sense of mystery, and later repeated the conversation to a friar at the college.

### III.

A week later he heard in the town that Dom Diego de Balthasar had been arrested by the Inquisition for Judaism. The news brought him a more complex thrill than that shock of horror at the treacherous persistence of a pestilent heresy which it excited in the breast of his fellow-citizens. He recalled to mind now that there were thirty-four traces by which the Holy Office scented out the secret Jew, and that one of the tests ran: "If he celebrates the Passover by eating bitter herbs and lettuces." But the shudder which the thought of the Jew had once caused him was, to his own surprise, replaced by a secret sympathy. In his slowly-matured, self-evolved skepticism, he had forgotten that a whole race had remained protestant from the first, rejecting at any and every cost the cornerstone of Christianity. And this race—he remembered suddenly with a leap of the heart and a strange tingling of the blood—had once been his own! The knowledge that had lurked in the background of consciousness, like the exiled memory of an ancient shame, sprang up, strong and assertive. The far-off shadowy figures of those base-born ancestors of his who had prayed in the ancient synagogues before the Great Expulsion, shook off the mists of a hundred years and stood forth solid, heroic, appealing.

And then recalling the dearth of bitter herbs in the market-place on what he now understood was the eve of Passover, he had a sudden intuition of a great secret brotherhood of the Synagogue ramifying beneath all the outward life of Church and State; of a society honeycombed with Judaism that persisted tenaciously and eternally through persecution and expulsion, not in stray units, such as the Inquisition ferreted out, but in ineradicable communities. It was because the incautious physician had mistaken him for a member of the brotherhood of Israel that he had ventured upon his now trans-



parent jests. "Good God!" thought Da Costa, sickening as he remembered the auto-da-fé he had seen at Lisbon in his boyhood, when De la Asunção, the Franciscan Jew monk, clothed in the Sanbenito, was solemnly burnt in the presence of the king, queen, the court, and the mob. "What if 'twas my tale to Frei José that led to Dom Diego's arrest! But no, that were surely evidence too trivial, and ambiguous at the best." And he put the painful suspicion aside and shut himself up in his study, sending down an excuse to his mother and brother.

In the beautiful house on the hill-top, built by Gabriel's grandfather, and adorned with fine panelings and mosaics of many-colored woods from the Brazils, his study, secluded by its position at the head of the noble staircase, was not the least beautiful room. The floor and the walls were of rich-hued tiles, the arched ceiling was ribbed with polished woods to look like the scooped-out interior of a half-orange. Costly hangings muffled the noise of the outer world, and large shutters excluded, when necessary, the glare of the sun. The rays of Reason alone could not be shut out, and in this haunt of peace the young Catholic had known his bitterest hours of unrest. Here he now cast himself feverishly upon the perusal of the Old Testament, neglected by him, as by the Church.

"This book, at least, must be true," ran in his tumultuous thoughts. "For this Testament do both creeds revere that wrangle over the later." He had a Latin text, and first he turned to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and, reading it critically, he seemed to see that all these passages of prediction he had taken on trust as prognostications of a Redeemer might prophesy quite other and more intelligible things. And long past midnight he read among the Prophets, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye, as one drunk with new wine. What sublime truths, what aspirations after peace and justice, what trumpet-calls to righteousness!

He thrilled to the cry of Amos: "Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs, for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let judgment run down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream." And to the question of Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly

and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" Aye, justice and mercy and humbleness—not repetition of prayers and penances. He was melted to tears, he was exalted to the stars.

He turned to the Pentateuch and to the Laws of Moses, to the tender ordinances for the poor, the stranger, the beast. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Thou shalt be unto me a holy people."

Why had his ancestors cut themselves off from this great people, whose creed was once so sublime and so simple? There had reached down to him some vague sense of the nameless tragedies of the Great Expulsion when these stiff-necked heretics were confronted with the choice of expatriation or conversion; but now he searched his book-shelves eagerly for some chronicle of those days of Torquemada. The native historians had little, but that little filled his imagination with horrid images of that second Exodus—famine, the plague, robbery, slaughter, the violation of virgins.

And all on account of the pertinacious ambition of a Portuguese king to rule Spain through an alliance with a Spanish princess—an ambition as pertinaciously foiled by the irony of history. No, they were not without excuse, those ancestors of his who had been left behind clinging to the Church. Could they have been genuine converts, these Marannos, or New Christians? he asked himself. Well, whatever his great-grandfathers had felt, his father's faith had been ardent enough, of that he could not doubt. He recalled the long years of ritual; childish memories of paternal pieties. No, the secret conspiracy had not embraced the Da Costa household. And he would fain believe that his more distant progenitors, too, had not been hypocrites; for aught he knew they had gone over to the Church even before the Expulsion; he was glad to have no evidence for an ancestry of deceit. None of the Da Costas had been cowards, thank Heaven! And he—he was no coward, he told himself.

#### IV.

In the morning, though only a few hours of sleep had intervened, the enthusiasm of the night had somewhat subsided. "Whence came the inspiration of Moses?" flew up into his mind almost

as soon as he opened his eyes on the sunlit world. He threw open the protrusive casement of his bedroom to the balmy air, tinged with a whiff of salt, and gazed pensively at the white town rambling down toward the shining river. Had God indeed revealed Himself on Mount Sinai? But this fresh doubt was banished by the renewed suspicion which, after having disturbed his dreams in nebulous distortions, sprang up in daylight clearness. It was his blabbing about Dom Diego that had ruined the genial old physician. After days of gathering uneasiness, he sought the secretary of the Inquisition in his bureau at a monastery of the Dominicans. The secretary rubbed his hands at the sight of the speechful face. "Aha! What new foxes hast thou scented?" The greeting stung like a stab.

"None," he replied, with a tremor in his speech. "I did but desire to learn if I am to blame for Dom Diego's arrest."

"To blame?" and the secretary looked askance at him. "Say, rather, to praise."

"Nay, to blame," repeated Gabriel stanchly. "Mayhap I mistook or misrendered his conversation. 'Tis scant evidence to imprison a man on. I trust ye have found more."

"Aye, thou didst but set Frei José on the track. We did not even trouble thee to appear before the Qualifiers."

"And he is, indeed, a Jew!"

"A Hebrew of Hebrews, by his stiff-neckedness. But 'twas not quite proven; the fox is a cunning beast. Already he hath had the three 'first audiences,' but he will not confess and be made a Penitent. This morning we try other means."

"Torture?" said Gabriel, paling. The secretary nodded.

"But if he is innocent?"

"No fear of that; he will confess at the first twinge. Come, unknot thy brow. Wouldst make sure thou hast served Heaven? Thou shalt hear his confession—as a reward for thy zeal."

"He will deem I have come to gloat."

"Here is a mask for thee."

Gabriel took it hesitatingly, repelled, but more strongly fascinated, and after a feverish half-hour of waiting he found himself with the secretary, the judge of the Inquisition, the surgeon, and another masked man in an underground vault

faintly lit by hanging lamps. On one side were the massive doors studded with rusty knobs, of airless cells; on the rough, spider-webbed wall opposite, against which leaned an iron ladder, were fixed iron rings at varying heights. A thumbscrew stood in the corner, and in the center was a small writing-table, at which the judge seated himself.

The secretary unlocked the dungeon-door, and through his mask Gabriel had a glimpse of the despondent figure of the burly physician crouching in a cell nigh too narrow for turning room.

"Stand forth, Dom Abraham de Balthasar!" said the judge.

The physician blinked his eyes at the increased light but did not budge.

"My name is Dom Diego," he said.

"Thy baptismal name imports no more to us than to thee. Perchance I should have said Dom Isaac. Stand forth!"

The physician straightened himself suddenly. "A pretty treatment for a loyal son of Holy Church who hath served most faithfully at the University," he grumbled. "Who accuses me of Judaism? Confront me with the rogue!"

"'Tis against our law," said the secretary.

"Let me hear the specific charges. Read me the counts."

"In the audience-chamber. Anon."

"Confess! confess!" snapped the judge testily.

"To confess needs a sin. I have none but those I have told the priest. But I know my accuser—'tis Gabriel Da Costa, a sober and studious young senhor with no ear for a jest, who did not understand that I was rallying the market-woman upon the clearance of her stock by these stinking heretics. I am no more a Jew than Da Costa himself." But even as he spoke, Gabriel knew that they were brother Jews—he and the prisoner.

"Thou hypocrite!" he cried.

"Ha!" said the secretary, his eye beaming triumph.

"This persistent denial avails not," said the judge, "except to bring torture."

"Torture an innocent man! 'Tis monstrous!" the physician protested. "Any tyro in the logics will tell thee that the onus of proving lies with the accuser."

"Tush! tush! This is no University. Executioner, do thy work."



The other masked man seized the old physician and stripped him to the skin.

"Confess!" said the judge warningly.

"If I confessed, I should be doubly a bad Christian, inasmuch as I would be lying."

"None of thy metaphysical quibbles. If thou expiarest under the torture (let the secretary take note) thy death shall not be laid at the door of the Holy Office, but of thine own obstinacy."

"Christ will avenge His martyrs," said Dom Diego, with so sublime a mien that Gabriel doubted whether, after all, instinct had not misled him.

The judge made an impatient sign, and the masked man tied the victim's hands and feet together with a thick cord, and winding it around the breast, placed the hunched, nude figure upon a stool, while he passed the ends of the cord through two of the iron rings in the wall. Then, kicking away the stool, the victim was suspended in air by cords that cut the flesh.

"Confess!" said the judge.

But Dom Diego set his teeth. The executioner drew the cords tighter and tighter, till the blood burst from under his victim's nails, and ever and anon he let the sharp-staved iron ladder fall against his naked shins.

"O Sancta Maria!" groaned the physician at length.

"These be but the beginning of thy tortures, and thou confessest not?" said the judge. "Draw tighter."

"Nay," here interrupted the surgeon.

"Another draw and he may expire."

Another tightening, and Gabriel Da Costa would have fainted. Deadly pale beneath his mask, he felt sick and trembling—the cords seemed to be cutting into his own flesh. His heart was equally hot against the torturers and the tortured, and he admired the physician's courage even while he abhorred his cowardice. And while the surgeon was busying himself to mend the victim for new tortures, Gabriel Da Costa had a shuddering perception of the tragedy of Israel—sublime and sordid.

#### V.

It was with equally mingled feelings, complicated by astonishment, that he learned a week or so later that Dom Diego had been acquitted of Judaism and set free. Impulse drove him to seek

speech with the sufferer. He crossed the river to the physician's house, but only by extreme insistence did he procure access to the high vaulted room in which the old man lay abed, surrounded by huge tomes on pillow and counterpane, and overbrooded by an image of the Christ.

"Pardon that I have been reluctant to go back without a sight of thee," said Gabriel. "My anxiety to see how thou farest after thy mauling by the hell-hounds must be my excuse."

Dom Diego cast upon him a look of surprise and suspicion.

"The hounds may follow a wrong scent; but they are of heaven, not hell," he said.

"If I suffered wrongfully, 'tis Christian to suffer, and Christain to forgive."

"Then forgive me," said Gabriel, mazed by this persistent masquerading, "for 'twas I who innocently made thee suffer. Rather would I have torn out my tongue than injured a fellow Jew."

"I am no Jew," he cried fiercely.

"But why deny it to me when I tell thee I am one?"

"In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird," quoted Dom Diego angrily.

"Thou art as good a Christian as I,—and a worse fowler. A Jew, indeed, who knows not of the herbs! Nay, the bird-lime is smeared too thick, and there is no cord between the holes of the net."

"True, I am neither Jew nor Christian," said the young man sadly. "Bred a Christian, my soul is torn with questionings. See, I trust my life in thy hand."

But Dom Diego remained long obdurate, even when Gabriel made the candid admission that he was the masked man who had cried "Hypocrite!" in the torture-vault; 'twas not till, limping from the bed, he had satisfied himself that the young man had posted no auditors without, that he said at last: "Well, 'tis my word against thine. Mayhap I am but feigning so as to draw thee out." Then, winking, he took down two wine-glasses, and filling them from a decanter that stood at the bed-side, he cried jovially, "Come! Confusion to the Holy Office!"

A great weight seemed lifted off the young man's breast. He smiled as he quaffed the rich wine.

"Meseems thou hast already wrought confusion to the Holy Office."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the physician, ex-

panding in the glow of the wine. "Yea, the fox hath escaped from the trap, but not with the whole skin."

"No, alas! How feel thy wounds?"

"I meant not my corporeal skin," said the physician, though he rubbed it with rueful recollection. "I meant the skin whereof my purse was made. To prove my loyalty I offered half my estate, and the proof was accepted. 'Twas the surgeon who gave me the hint. He is one of us!"

"What! a Jew!" cried Gabriel.

"Hush! hush! or we shall have him replaced by an enemy. 'Twas his fellow-feeling to me, both as a brother and a medicus, that made him declare me on the point of death when I was as lusty as a false credo. For the rest, I had sufficient science myself to hold in my breath while the clown tied me with cords, else had I been too straitened to breathe. But thou needest a biscuit with thy wine. Ianthe!"

A pretty little girl stepped in from an adjoining room, her dark eyes drooping shyly at the sight of the stranger.

"Thou seest I have a witness against thee," laughed the physician; "while the evidence against me which the fools could not find we will eat up. The remainder of the *Molsas*, daughterling!" And drawing a key from under his pillow, he handed it to her. "Soft, now, my little one, and hide them well."

When the child had gone, the father grumbled, over another glass of wine, at having to train her to a double life. "But it sharpens the wits," said he. "Ianthe should grow up subtle as the secret cupboard within a cupboard which she is now opening. But a woman scarcely needs training." He was yet laughing over his jape when Ianthe returned, and produced from under a napkin some large, thick biscuits, peculiarly reticulated. Gabriel looked at them curiously.

"Knowest thou not Passover cakes?" asked Dom Diego.

Gabriel shook his head.

"Hast never eaten unleavened bread?"

"Unleavened bread! Ah, I was reading thereof in the Pentateuch but yesterday. Stay, is it not one of the Inquisition's tests? But I figured it not thus."

"'Tis the immemorial pattern, smuggled in from Amsterdam," said the wine-flushed physician, throwing caution to the winds. "Taste!"

"Is Amsterdam, then, a Jewish town?"

"Nay, but 'tis the Jerusalem of the West. Little Holland, since she shook off Papistry, hath no persecuting polity like the other nations. And natural enough, for 'tis more a ship than a country. Half my old friends have drifted thither—'tis a sad drain for our old Portuguese community."

Gabriel's bosom throbbed. "Then why not join them?"

The old physician shook his head. "Nay, I love my Portugal. 'Tis here that I was born, and here will I die. I love her—her mountains, her rivers, her valleys, her medicinal springs—always loved Portugal. Ianthe—"

"Yes, father," she said gravely.

"And, oh, her poets—her Rubeiro, her Falcão, her Camoëns—my own grandfather was thought worthy of a place in the 'Cancioneiro Geral'; and I too have made a Portuguese poem on the first aphorism of Hippocrates, though 'tis yet in manuscript."

"But if thou darest not profess thy faith," said Gabriel, "'tis more than all the rest. To live a daily lie—intolerable!"

"Hoity-toity! Thou art young and headstrong. The Christian religion! 'Tis no more than fine manners; the way of the country. Why do I wear breeches and a cocked hat—when I am abroad, *videlicet*? Why does little Ianthe trip it in a petticoat?"

"Because I am a girl," said Ianthe.

Dom Diego laughed. "There's the question rhetorical, my little one, and the question interrogative. However, we'll not puzzle thee with Quintilian. Run away to thy lute. And so it is. I love my Judaism more than my Portugal; but while I can keep both my mistresses at the cost of a little finesse—"

"But the danger of being burnt alive!"

"'Tis like hell to the Christian sinner—dim and distant."

"Thou hast been singed, methinks."

"Like a blasted tree. The lightning will not strike twice. Help thyself to more wine. Besides, my stomach likes not the Biscay Bay. God made us for land animals."

But Gabriel was not to be won over by the worthy physician's view, and only half to the man himself. Yet was not this his last visit, for he clung to Dom

Diego as to the only Jew he knew, and borrowed from him a Hebrew Bible and a grammar, and began secretly to acquire the sacred tongue, bringing toys and flowers to the little Ianthe, and once a costlier lute than her own, in return for her father's help with the idioms. Also he borrowed some of Dom Diego's own works, issued anonymously from the printing presses of Amsterdam; and from his new friend's "Paradise of Earthly Vanity," and other oddly entitled volumes of controversial theology, the young enthusiast sucked instruction and confirmation of his doubts. To Dom Diego's Portuguese fellow-citizens the old gentleman was the author of an erudite essay on the treatment of phthisis, emphatically denouncing the implicit reliance on milk.

But Gabriel could not imitate this comfortable self-adjustment to surroundings. 'Twas but a half fight for the Truth, he felt, and ceased to cultivate the semi-recreant physician. For as he grew more and more in love with the Old Testament, with its simple doctrine of a people, chosen and consecrate, so grew his sense of far-reaching destinies, of a linked race sprung from the mysterious East and the dawn of history, defying destruction and surviving persecution, agonizing for its faith and its unfaith—a conception that touched the springs of romance and the source of tears—and his vision turned longingly toward Amsterdam, that city of the saints, the home of the true faith, of the brotherhood of man, and the fatherhood of God.

## VI.

"Mother," said Gabriel, "I have something to say to thee." They were in the half-orange room, and she had looked in to give her good-night kiss to the lonely student, but his words arrested her at the door. She sat down and gazed lovingly at her handsome eldest-born, in whom her dead husband lived as in his prime. "Twill be of Isabella," she thought, with a stir in her breast, rejoiced to think that the brooding eyes of the scholar had opened at last to the beauty and goodness of the highborn heiress who loved him.

"Mother, I have made a great resolution, and 'tis time to tell thee."

Her eyes grew more radiant.

"My blessed Gabriel!"

"Nay, I fear thou wilt hate me."

"Hate thee!"

"Because I must leave thee."

"'Tis the natural lot of mothers to be left, my Gabriel."

"Ah, but this is most unnatural. Oh, my God! why am I thus tried?"

"What meanest thou? What has happened?" The old woman had risen.

"I must leave Portugal."

"Wherefore? in Heaven's name! Leave Portugal?"

"Hush, or the servants will hear. I would be," he breathed low, "a Jew!"

Dona Da Costa blanched, and stared at him breathless, a strange light in her eyes, but not that which he expected.

"'Tis the finger of God!" she whispered, awestruck.

"Mother!" He was thrilled with a wild suspicion.

"Yes, my father was a Jew. I was brought up as a Jewess."

"Hush! hush!" he cautioned her again, and going to the door peered into the gloom. "But my father?" he asked, shutting the door carefully.

She shook her head.

"His family, though likewise Marannos, were true believers. It was the grief of my life that I dared never tell him. Often since his death memories from my girlhood have tugged at my heart. But I durst not influence my children's faith! And now—O heaven!—perchance torture—the stake—!"

"No, mother, I will fly to where faith is free."

"Then I shall lose thee all the same. O God of Israel, Thy vengeance hath found me at last!" And she fell upon the couch, sobbing. He stood by, helpless, distracted, striving to hush her.

"How did this thing happen to you?" she sobbed.

Briefly he told her of his struggles, of the episode of Dom Diego, of his conviction that the Old Testament was the true and sufficient guide to life.

"But why flee?" she asked. "Let us all return to Judaism; thy brother Vidal is young and malleable, he will follow us. We will be secret; from my girlhood I know how suspicion may be evaded. We will gradually change all the servants save Pedro, and have none but blacks.

Why shouldst thou leave this beautiful home of thine, thy friends, thy station in society, thy chances of a noble match?"

"Mother, thou painest me. What is all else beside our duty to truth, to reason, to God? I must worship all these under the naked sky."

"My brave boy! forgive me!" And she sprang up to embrace him. "We will go with thee; we will found a new home at Amsterdam."

"Nay, not at thy years, mother." And he smoothed her silver hair.

"Yea; I, too, have studied the Old Testament." And her eyes smiled through their tears. "Wherever thou goest, I will go. Thy country shall be my country, and thy God my God."

He kissed her wet cheek.

Ere they separated in the gray dawn they had threshed out ways and means; how to realize their property with as little loss and as little observation as possible, and how secretly to ship for the Netherlands. The slightest imprudence might betray them to the Holy Office, and Vidal was not told till 'twas absolutely essential.

The poor young man paled with fright.

"Wouldst drive me to Purgatory?" he asked.

"Nay, Judaism hath no Purgatory." Then seeing the consolation was somewhat confused, Gabriel added emphatically, to ease the distress of one he loved dearly. "There is no Purgatory."

Vidal looked more frightened than ever. "But the Church says—" he began.

"The Church says Purgatory is beneath the earth; but the world being round, there is no beneath, and, mayhap, men like ourselves do inhabit our Antipodes. And the Church holds with Aristotle that the heavens be incorruptible, and contemns Copernicus his theory; yet have I heard from Dom Diego de Balthasar, who hath the science of the University, that a young Italian, bright Galileo Galilei, hath just made a wondrous instrument which magnifies objects thirty-two times, and that therewith he hath discovered a new star. Also doth he declare the Milky Way to be but little stars; for the which the Holy Office is wroth with him, men say."

"But what have I to make with the Milky Way?" whimpered Vidal, his own face as milk.

Gabriel was somewhat taken aback.

"'Tis the infallibility of the Pope that is shaken," he explained. "But in itself the Christian faith is more abhorrent than the Jewish. The things it teaches about God have more difficulties."

"What difficulties?" quoth Vidal. "I see no difficulties."

But in the end the younger brother, having all Gabriel's impressionability, and none of his strength to stand alone, consented to accompany the refugees.

During those surreptitious preparations for flight, Gabriel had to go about his semi-ecclesiastical duties and take part in Church ceremonies as heretofore. This so chafed him that he sometimes thought of proclaiming himself; but though he did not shrink from the thought of the stake, he shrank from the degradation of imprisonment, from the public humiliation, foreseeing the horror of him in the faces of all his old associates. And sometimes, indeed, it flashed upon him how dear were these friends of his youth, despite reason and religion; how like a cordial was the laughter in their eyes, the clasp of their hands, the well-worn jests of college and monastery, market-place and riding-school! How good it was, this common life, how sweet to sink into the general stream and be borne along effortlessly! Even as he knelt, in conscious hypocrisy, the emotion of all these worshippers sometimes swayed him in magnetic sympathy, and the crowds of holiday-makers in the streets, festively garbed, stirred him to yearning reconciliation. And now that he was to tear himself away, how dear was each familiar haunt—the woods and waters, the pleasant hills strewn with grazing cattle! How caressingly the blue sky bent over him, beseeching him to stay! And the town itself, how he loved its steep streets, the massive Moorish gates, the palaces, the monasteries, the whitewashed houses, the old-fashioned ones, quaint and windowless, and the newer with their protrusive balcony-windows—aye, and the very flavor of garlic and onion that pervaded everything; how oft he had sauntered in the Rua das Flores, watching the gold-workers! And as he moved about the old family home he had a new sense of its intimate appeal. Every beautiful panel and tile, every gracious

curve of the staircase, every statue in its niche, had a place, hitherto unacknowledged, in his heart, and called to him.

But greater than the call of all these was the call of Reason.

#### PART II.—URIEL ACOSTA.

##### VII.

With what emotion, as of a pilgrim reaching Palestine, Gabriel found himself at last in the city where a synagogue stood in the eye of day! The warmth at his heart annulled whatever of chill stole in at the grayness of the canaled streets of the northern city after the color and glow of Porto. His first care, as soon as he was settled in the great house which his mother's old friends and relatives in the city had purchased on his behalf, was to betake himself on the Sabbath with his mother and brother to the Portuguese synagogue. Though his ignorance of his new creed was so great that he doffed his hat on entering nor knew how to don the praying-shawl lent him by the beadle, and was rather disconcerted to find his mother might not sit at his side but must be relegated to a gallery behind a grille, yet his attitude was too emotional to be critical. The prayer-book interested him keenly, and though he strove to follow the service, his conscious Hebrew could not at all keep pace with the congregational speed, and he felt unreasonably shamed at his failure to rise or bow. Vidal, who had as yet no Hebrew, interested himself in picking out ancient denizens of Porto and communicating his discoveries to his brother in a loud whisper, which excited Gabriel's other neighbor to point out scions of the first Spanish families, other members of which, at home, were props of Holy Church, bishops and even archbishops. A curious figure, this read-bearded, gross-paunched neighbor, rocking automatically to and fro in his *taleth*, but evidently far fainer to gossip than to pray.

Friars and nuns of almost every monastic order were, said he, here regathered to Judaism. He himself, Isaac Pereira, who sat there safe and snug, had been a Jesuit in Spain.

"I was sick of the pious make-believe, and itched to escape over here. But the fools had let me sell indulgences, and I

had a goodly stock on hand, and trade was slack"—here he interrupted himself with a fervent "Amen!" conceded to the service—"in Spain just then. It's no use carrying 'em over to the Netherlands, thinks I; they're too clever over there. I must get rid of 'em in some country free for Jews, and yet containing Catholics. So what should I do but slip over from Malaga to Barbary, where I sold off the remainder of my stock to some Catholics living among the Moors. No sooner had I pocketed the money—Amen!—than I declared myself a Jew. God of Abraham! The faces those Gentiles pulled when they found what a bad bargain they had made with Heaven! They appealed to the Cadi against what they called the imposition. But"—and here an irrepressible chuckle mingled with the roar of the praying multitude—"I claimed the privilege of a free port to sell any goods, and the Cadi had to give his ruling in accordance with the law."

In the exhilaration of his mood this sounded amusing to Gabriel, an answering of fools according to their folly. But 'twas not long before it recurred to him to add to his disgust and his disappointment with his new brethren and his new faith. For after he had submitted himself, with his brother, to circumcision, replaced his baptismal name by the Hebrew Uriel, and Vidal's by Joseph, Latinizing at the same time the family name to Acosta, he found himself confronted by a host of minute ordinances far more galling than those of the Church. Eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, washing, working; not the simplest action but was dogged and clogged by incredible imperatives.

Astonishment gave place to dismay, and dismay to indignation and abhorrence as he realized into what a network of ceremonial he had entangled himself. The Pentateuch itself, with its complex codex of six hundred and thirteen precepts, formed, he discovered, but the barest framework for a parasitic growth insinuating itself with infinite ramifications into the most intimate recesses of life.

What! Was it for this Rabbinic manufacture that he had exchanged the stately ceremonial of Catholicism? Had he thrown off mental fetters but to replace them by bodily?



Was this the Golden Age that he had looked to find—the simple Mosaic theocracy of reason and righteousness?

And the Jews themselves, were these the chosen people he had clothed with such romantic glamour?—fat burghers, clucking comfortably under the wing of the Protestant States-General; merchants sumptuously housed, vivifying Dutch trade in the Indies; their forms and dogmas alone distinguishing them from the heathen Hollanders, whom they aped even to the very patronage of painters; or, at the other end of this bastard brotherhood of righteousness, sore-eyed wretches trundling their flat carts of second-hand goods, or initiating a squalid ghetto of diamond-cutting and cigar-making in oozy alleys and on the refuse-laden borders of treeless canals. Oh! he was tricked, trapped, betrayed!

His wrath gathered daily, finding vent in bitter speeches. If this was what had become of the Mosaic Law and the Holy People, the sooner a son of Israel spoke out the better for his race. Was it not an inspiration from on high that had given him the name of Uriel—"fire of God?" So, when his private thunders had procured him a summons before the outraged Rabbinic court, he was in no wise to be awed by the *Chacham* and his Rabbis in their solemn robes.

"Pharisees!" he cried, and despite his lost Christianity, all the scorn of his early training clung to the word.

"Epicurean!" they retorted, with contempt more withering still.

"Nay, Epicurus have I never read, and what I know of his doctrine by hearsay revolteth me. I am for God and reason and a pure Judaism."

"Even so talked Elisha Ben Abuya in Palestine of old," put in the second Rabbi more mildly. "He with his Greek culture, who stalked from Sinai to Olympus, and ended in Atheism."

"I know not of Elisha, but I marvel not that your teaching drove him to Atheism."

"Said I not 'twas Atheism, not Judaism, thou talkedst? And an Atheist in our ranks we may not harbor: our community is young in Amsterdam. 'Tis yet on sufferance, and these Dutchmen are easily moved to riot. We have won our ground with labor. Traitor! Wouldst thou cut the dykes?"

"Traitor thou!" retorted Uriel. "Traitor to God and His holy Law!"

"Hold thy peace!" thundered the *Chacham*, "or the ban shall be laid upon thee."

"Hold my peace!" answered Uriel scornfully. "Nay, I expatriated myself for freedom, I shall not hold my peace for the sake of the ban."

Nor did he. At home and abroad he exhausted himself in invective, in exhortation.

"Be silent, Uriel," begged his aged mother, dreading a breach of the happiness her soul had found at last in its old spiritual swathings. "This Judaism thou deridest is the true, the pure Judaism, as I was taught it in my girlhood. Let me go to my grave in peace."

"Be silent, Uriel," besought his brother Joseph. "If thou dost not give over, old Manasseh and his cronies will bar me out from those lucrative speculations in the Indies, wherein also I am investing thy money for thee. And he hath a comely daughter, hath Manasseh, and methinks her eye is not unkindly. Give over, I beg of thee! This religion liketh me much—no confession, no damnation, and 'tis the faith of our fathers."

"No damnation—aye, but no salvation. They teach naught of immortality; their creed is of the earth, earthy."

"Then why didst thou drag me from Portugal?" inquired Joseph angrily.

But Uriel—the fire of God—was not to be quenched; and so, not without frequent warning, fell the fire of man. In a solemn conclave in the black-robed synagogue, with awful symbolisms of extinguished torches, the ban was laid upon Uriel Acosta, and henceforth no man, woman, or child dared walk or talk with him. The very beggars refused his alms, the street hawkers spat out as he passed by. His own mother and brother, now completely under the sway of their new Jewish circle, removed from the pollution of his presence, leaving him alone in the great house with the black page. And this house was shunned as though marked with the cross of the pestilence. The more high-spirited Jew-boys would throw stones at its windows or rattle its doors, but it was even keener sport to run after its tenant himself, on the rare occasions when he appeared in the streets, to spit



out, like their elders, at the sight of him, to pelt him with mud, and to shout after him, "Epicurean!" "Sinner in Israel!"

## VIII.

But although by this isolation the Rabbis had practically cut out the heretic's tongue—for he knew no Dutch, nor, indeed, ever learned to hold converse with his Christian neighbors—yet there remained his pen, and in dread of the attack upon them which rumor declared him to be inditing behind the shuttered windows of his great lonely house, they instigated Samuel Da Silva, a physician equally skilled with the lancet and the quill, to anticipate him by a counter-blast calculated to discredit the thunderer. He denied immortality, insinuated the horrid Da Silva, in his elegant Portuguese treatise, "*Tradado da Immortalidade*," probably basing his knowledge of Uriel's "bestial and injurious opinions" on the confused reports of the heretic's brother, but not mentioning his forbidden name.

"False slanders!" cried Uriel in his reply—completed—since he had been anticipated—at his leisure; but he only confirmed the popular conception of his materialistic errors, seeming, indeed, of wavering mind on the subject of the future life. His thought had marched on: and whereas it had been his complaint to Joseph that Rabbism laid no stress on immortality, further investigation of the Pentateuch had shown him that Moses himself had taken no account whatsoever of the conception, nor striven to bolster up the morality of to-day by the terrors of a posthumous to-morrow.

So Uriel stood self-condemned, and the Rabbis triumphed, superfluously justified in the eyes of their flock against this blaspheming materialist. Nay, Uriel should fall into the pit himself had digged. The elders of the congregation appealed to the magistrates; they translated, with bated breath, passages from the baleful book, "*Tradiçoens Phariseas conferidos com a Ley escrita*." Uriel was summoned before the Tribunal, condemned to pay three hundred gulden, imprisoned for eight days. The book was burnt.

No less destructive a flame burnt at the prisoner's heart, as, writhing on his dungeon pallet, biting his lips, digging his nails into his palms, he cursed these

malignant perverters of pure Judaism, who had shamed him even before the Hollanders. He, the proud and fearless gentleman of Portugal, had been branded as a criminal by these fish-blooded Dutchmen. Never would he hold intercourse with his fellow-creatures again—never, never! Alone with God and his thoughts he would live and die.

And so for year after year, though he lingered in the city that held his dear ones, he abode in his house, save for his black servant, having speech with no man nor woman. Nor did he ever emerge, unless at hours when his childish persecutors were abed, so that in time they turned to fresher sport. But at night he would sometimes be met wandering by the dark canals, with eyes that kept the inward look of the sequestered student, seeming to see nothing of the somber many-twinkling beauty of the starlit waters, or the tender coloring of mist and haze, but full only of the melancholy of the gray marshes, and sometimes growing wet with bitter yearning for the sun and the orange-trees and the warmth of friendly faces. And sometimes in the cold dawn the early market-people met him riding madly in the environs, in the silk doublet of a Portuguese grandee, his sword clanking, and in his hand a silver-mounted pistol with which he snapped off the twigs as he flew past. And when his beloved brother was married to the daughter of Manasseh, the millionaire and the president of the India Company, some of the wedding-guests averred that they had caught a glimpse of his dark, yearning face amid the motley crowd assembled outside the synagogue to watch the arrival of Joseph Acosta and his beautiful bride; and there were those who said that Uriel's hands were raised as in blessing. And once on a moonless midnight, when the venerable Dona Acosta had passed away, the watchman in the Jews cemetery, stealing from his turret at a suspicious noise, turned his lantern upon—no body snatcher, but—O, more nefarious spectacle!—the sobbing figure of Uriel Acosta across a new-dug grave, polluting the holy soil of the *Beth-Chayim*!

## IX.

And so the seasons and the years wore on, each walling in the lonely thinker

with more solid ice, and making it only the more difficult ever to break through or to melt his prison walls. Nigh fifteen long winter years had passed in a solitude tempered by theological thought, and Uriel, nigh forgotten by his people, had now worked his way even from the religion of Moses. It was the heart alone that was the seat of religion; wherefore, no self-styled Revelation that contradicted Nature could be true. Right Religion was according to Right Reason; but no religion was reasonable that could set brother against brother. All ceremonies were opposed to Reason. Goodness was the only true religion. Such bold conclusions sometimes affrighted himself, being alone in the world to hold them. "All evils," his note-book summed it up in his terse Latin, "come from not following Right Reason and the Law of Nature."

And thinking such thoughts in the dead language that befitted one cut off from life, to whom Dutch was never aught but the unintelligible jargon of an unspiritual race, he was leaving his house on a bleak evening when one clapped him on the shoulder, and turning in amaze, he was still more mazed to find, for the first time in fifteen years, a fellow-creature tendering a friendly smile and a friendly hand. He drew back instinctively, without even recognizing the aged, whitebearded, yet burly figure. "What, Senhor Da Costa! thou hast forgotten thy victim?"

With a strange thrill he felt the endless years in Amsterdam slip off him like the coils of some icy serpent, as he recognized the genial voice of the Porto physician, and though he was back again in the dungeon of the Holy Office, it was not the gloom of the vault that he felt, but sunshine and blue skies and spring and youth. Through the soft mist of delicious tears he gazed at the kindly furrowed face of the now hoary-headed physician, and clasped his great warm hand, holding it tight, forgetting to drop it, as though it were drawing him back to life and love and fellowship.

The first few words made it clear that Dom Diego had not heard of Uriel's excommunication. He was new in the city, having been driven there, pathetically enough, at the extreme end of his life by the renewed activity of the Holy Office.

"I longed to die in Portugal," he said, with his burly laugh; "but not at the hands of the Inquisition."

Uriel choked back the wild impulse to denounce the crueller Inquisition of Jewry, from the sudden recollection that Dom Diego might at once withdraw from him the blessed privilege of human speech.

"Didst make a good voyage?" he asked instead.

"Nay, the billows were in the Catholic League," replied the old man, making a wry face. "However, the God of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps, and I rejoice to have chanced upon thee, were it only to be guided back to my lodgings amid this water labyrinth."

On the way, Uriel gave what answers he could to the old man's questionings. His mother was dead; his brother Vidal had married, though his wife had died some years later in giving birth to a boy, who was growing up beautiful as a cherub. Yes, he was prospering in worldly affairs, having long since entrusted them to Joseph—that was to say, Vidal—who had embarked all the family wealth in a Dutch company which ran a fleet of privateers, to prey upon the treasure-ships in the war with Spain. He did not say that his own interests were paid to him by formal letter through a law firm, and that he went in daily fear that his estranged and pious brother, now a pillar of the Synagogue, would one day religiously appropriate the heretic's property, backed by who knew what devilish provision of Church or State, leaving him to starve. But he wondered throughout their walk why Dom Diego, who had such constant correspondence with Amsterdam, had never heard of his excommunication, and his bitterness came back as he realized that the ban had extended to the mention of his name, that he was as one dead, buried, cast down to oblivion. Even before he had accepted the physician's invitation to cross his threshold, he had resolved to turn this silence to his own profit: he, whose inward boast was his stainless honor, had resolved to act a silent lie. Was it not fair to outwit the rogues with their own weapon? He had faded from human memory—let it be so. Was he to be cut off from this sudden joy of friendship with one of his blood and race, he whose soul was perishing with

drought, though, until this moment, he had been too proud to own it to himself?

But when he entered Dom Diego's lodging and saw the unexpected, forgotten Ianthe—Ianthe grown from that sweet child to matchless grace of early womanhood; Ianthe with her dark, smiling eyes and her caressing voice and her gentle movements—then this resolution of passive silence was exchanged for a determination to fight desperately against discovery. In the glow of his soul, in the stir of youth and spring in his veins, in the melting rapture of his mood, that first sight of a beautiful girl's face bent smilingly to greet her father's guest had sufficed to set his heart aflame with a new emotion, sweet, riotous, sacred. What a merry supper-party was that; each dish eaten with the sauce of joyous memories! How gaily he rallied Ianthe on her childish ways and sayings! Of course, she remembered him, she said, and the toys and flowers, and told how comically he had puckered his brow in argumentation with her father. Yes, he had the same funny lines still, and once she touched his forehead lightly for an instant with her slender fingers in facetious demonstration, and he trembled in painful rapture. And she played on her lute, too, on the lute he had given her of old, those slender fingers making ravishing music on the many-stringed instrument, though her pose as she played was more witching still.

He left the house drunk, exalted, and as the cold night air smote the forehead she had touched he was thrilled with fiery energy. He was young still, thank God, though fifteen years had been eaten out of his life, and he had thought himself as old and gray as the marshes. He was young still, he told himself fiercely, defiantly. At home his note-book lay open, as usual, on his desk, like a friend waiting to hear what thoughts had come to him in his lonely walks. How far off and alien seemed this cold confidant now, how irrelevant, and yet, when his eye glanced curiously at his last recorded sentence, how relevant! "All evils come from not following Right Reason and the Law of Nature." How true! How true! He had followed neither Right Reason nor the Law of Nature.

## X.

In the morning, when the cold, pitiless eye of the thinker penetrated through the sophisms of desire as clearly as his bodily eye saw the gray in his hair and the premature age in his face, he saw how impossible it was to keep the secret of his situation from Dom Diego. Honor forbade it, though this, he did not shrink from admitting to himself, might have counted little but for the certainty of discovery. If he went to the physician's abode he could not fail to meet fellow-Jews there. To some, perhaps, of the younger generation, his forgotten name would convey no horrid significance; but then, Dom Diego's cronies would be among the older men. No; he must himself warn Dom Diego that he was a leper—a pariah. But not—since that might mean final parting—not without a farewell meeting. He sent Pedro with a note to the physician's lodgings, begging to be allowed the privilege of returning his hospitality that same evening; and the physician accepting for himself and daughter, a charwoman was sent for, the great cobwebbed house was scrubbed and furbished in the living chambers, the ancient silver was exhumed from mildewed cupboards, the heavy oil-paintings were dusted, flowers were brought in, and at night, in the soft light of the candles, the traces of yearlong neglect being subdued and hidden, a spirit of festivity and gaiety pervaded the house as of natural wont. And Uriel, too, grown younger with the house, made a handsome figure as he sat at the board, exchanging merry sallies with the physician and Ianthe.

After the meal and the good wine that alone had not had its cobwebs brushed shamefacedly away, Dom Diego fell conveniently asleep, looking so worn and old when the light of his lively fancy had died out of his face, that the speech of Uriel and Ianthe took a tenderer tone for fear of disturbing him. Presently, too, their hands came together, and—such was the swift sympathy between these shapely creatures—did not dispart. And suddenly, kindled to passion by her warm touch and breathing presence, stabbed with the fear that this was the last time, he told her that for the first time in his life he knew the meaning of love,

"Oh, if thou wouldst but return my love!" he faltered with dry throat. "But no! that were too much for a man of my years to hope. But whisper at least, that I am not repugnant to thee."

She was about to reply, when he dropped her hand and stayed her with a gesture as abrupt as his avowal.

"Nay, answer not. Not till I tell thee what honor forbids I should withhold."

And he told the story of his ban and his long loneliness, her face flashing 'twixt terror and pity.

"Answer me, now," he said, almost sternly. "Couldst thou love such a man, proscribed by his race, a byword and a mockery, to whom it is a sin against Heaven even to speak?"

"They would not marry us," she breathed helplessly.

"But couldst thou love me?"

Her eyes drooped as she breathed, "The more for thy sufferings."

"But even in the ecstasy of this her acknowledgment, he had a chill undercurrent of consciousness that she did not understand; that, never having lived in an unpersecuted Jewish community, she had no real sense of its persecuting power. Still, there was no need to remain in Amsterdam now: they would live in some lonely spot, in the religion of Right Reason that he would teach her. So their hands met again, and once their lips met. But the father was yet to be told of their sudden-born, sudden-grown love, and this with characteristic impulse Uriel did as soon as the old physician awoke.

"God bless my soul!" said Dom Diego, "am I dreaming still?"

His sense of dream increased when Uriel went on to repeat the story of his excommunication.

"And the ban—is it still in force?" he interrupted.

"It is not removed," said Uriel sadly.

The burly graybeard sprang to his feet.

"And with such a brand upon thy brow thou didst dare speak to my daughter!"

"Father!" cried Ianthe.

"Father me not! He hath beguiled us here under false pretenses. He hath made us violate the solemn decree of the Synagogue. He is tabooed—he and his house and his food. Sinner! The viands thou hast given us, what of them? Is thy meat ritually prepared?"

"Thou, a man of culture, carest for these childish things?"

"Childish things? Wherefore, then, have I left my Portugal?"

"All ceremonies are against Right Reason," said Uriel in low tones, his face grown deadly white.

"Now I see that thou hast never understood our holy and beautiful religion. Men of culture, forsooth! Is not our Amsterdam congregation full of men of culture—grammarians, poets, exegetes, philosophers, jurists, but flesh and blood, mark you, not diagrams, cut out of Euclid? Whence the cohesion of our race? Ceremony! What preserves and unifies its scattered atoms throughout the world? Ceremony! And what is ceremony? Poetry. 'Tis the tradition handed down from hoary antiquity; 'tis the color of life."

"'Tis a miserable thralldom," interposed Uriel more feebly.

"Miserable! A happy service. Hast never danced at the Rejoicing of the Law? Who so joyous as our brethren? Where so cheerful a creed?"

"But thou dost not accept every invention of Rabbinism. Surely in Porto thou didst not practise everything."

"I kept what I could. I believe what I can. If I have my private doubts, why should I set them up to perplex the community withal? There's a friend of mine in this very city—not to mention names—but a greater heretic, I ween, than even thou. But doth he shatter the peace of the vulgar? Nay, not he: he hath a high place in the Synagogue, is a blessing to the Jewry, and confideth his doubts to me in epistles writ in elegant Latin. Nay, nay, Senhor Da Costa, the world loves not battering-rams."

And as the old physician spoke, Uriel began dimly to suspect that he had misconceived human life, taken it too earnestly, and at his heart was a hollow aching sense of futile sacrifice. And with it a suspicion that he had mistaken Judaism, too—missed the poetry and humanity behind the forms, and, as he gazed wistfully at Ianthe's tender clouded face, he felt the old romantic sense of brotherhood stirring again. How wonderful to be reabsorbed into his race, fused with Ianthe!

But Right Reason resurged in relentless ascendancy, and he knew that his thought could never more go back on itself, that he could never again place faith in any Revelation.

"I will be an ape among apes," he thought bitterly.

# XI.

And the more he pondered upon this resolution, after Dom Diego had indignantly shaken off the dust of his threshold, the more he was confirmed in it. To outwit the Jewry would be the bitterest revenge, to pay lip-service to its ideals and laugh at it in his sleeve. And thus, too, he would circumvent its dreaded design to seize upon his property. Deception? Aye, but the fault was theirs who drove him to it, leaving him only a leper's life. In the Peninsula they had dissembled among Christians; he would dissemble among Jews, aping the ancient apes. He foresaw no difficulty in the recantation. And—famous idea! his brother Joseph, poor, dear fool, should bring it about under the illusion that he was the instrument of Providence: for to employ Dom Diego as go-between were to risk the scenting of his real motive. Then, when the Synagogue had taken him to its sanctimonious arms, Ianthe—overwhelming thought!—would become his wife. He had little doubt of that; her farewell glance, after her father's back was turned, was sweet with promises and beseechments, and a brief note from her early the next morning dissipated his last doubts.

"My poor Senhor Da Costa," she wrote, "I have lain awake all night thinking of thee. Why ruin thy life for a mere abstraction? Canst thou not make peace?—Thy friend, Ianthe."

He kissed the note; then, his wits abnormally sharpened, he set to work to devise how to meet his brother, and even as he was meditating how to trick him, his heart was full of affection for his little Vidal. Poor Vidal! How he must have suffered to lose his beautiful wife!

There were days on which Joseph's business or pleasure took him past his brother's house, though he always walked on the further side, and Uriel now set himself to keep watch at his study window from morning to night. After three

days, his patience was rewarded by the sight of the portly pillar of the Synagogue, and with him his little boy of six. He ran down-stairs and thence into the street, and caught up the boy in his arms—

"Oh, Vidal!" he said, real affection struggling in his voice.

"Thou!" said Joseph, staggering with the shock, and trembling at the sound of his submerged name. Then, recovering himself, he said angrily, "Pollute not my Daniel with thy touch."

"He is my nephew. I love him, too! How beautiful he is!" And he kissed the wondering little fellow. He refused to put him down. He ran toward his own door. He begged Vidal to give him a word in pity of his loneliness. Joseph looked fearfully up and down the street. No Jew was in sight. He slipped hastily through the door. From that moment Uriel played his portly brother like a chessman, which should make complicated moves and think it made them of its own free will. Gradually, by secret conversations, daily renewed, Joseph, fired with enthusiasm and visions of the glory that would redound upon him in the community—for he was now a candidate for the dignity of treasurer—won Uriel back to Judaism. And when the faith of the revert was quite fixed, Joseph made great talk thereof, and interceded with the Rabbis.

Uriel Acosta was given a document of confession of his errors to sign; he promised to live henceforward as a true Jew, and the ban was removed. On the Sabbath he went to the synagogue, and was called up to read in the Law. The elders came to shake him by the hand; a wave of emotion traversed the congregation. Uriel, mentally blinking at all this novel sunshine, had moments of forgetfulness of his sardonic hypocrisy, thrilled to be in touch with humanity again, and moved by its forgiving goodwill. And as Ianthe's happy eyes smiled upon him from the gallery, the words of the Prophet Joel sang in his ears: "And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

It was a glad night when Dom Diego and Ianthe sat again at his table, religiously victualled this time, and with them his beloved brother Joseph, not the least



happy of the guests in the reconciliation with Uriel and the near prospect of treasuryship. What a handsome creature he was! thought Uriel, fondly. How dignified in manners, yet how sprightly in converse!—no graven lines of suffering on his brow, no gray in his hair. The old wine gurgled, the old memories glowed. Joseph was let into the secret of the engagement—which was not to be published for some months—but was too sure of the part he had played to suspect he had been played with. He sang the Hebrew grace jubilantly after the meal, and Ianthe's sweet voice chimed in happily. Ere the brothers parted, Uriel had extracted a promise that little Daniel should be lent him for a few days to crown his happiness and brighten the great lonely house for the coming of the bride.

## XII.

Uriel Acosta sat at dinner with little Daniel, feasting his eyes on the fresh beauty of the boy, whose prattle had made the last two days delightful. Daniel had been greatly exercised to find that his great big uncle could not talk Dutch, and that he must talk Portuguese—which was still kept up in families—to be understood. He had hitherto imagined that grown-up people knew everything. Pedro, his black face agrin with delight, waited solicitously upon the little fellow.

He changed his meat plate now and helped him lavishly to tart. "Cream?" said Uriel, tendering the jug.

"No, no!" cried Daniel, with a look of horror and a violent movement of repulsion.

Uriel chuckled. "What! Little boys not like cream! We shall find cats shuddering at milk next." And pouring the contents of the jug lavishly over his own triangle of tart, he went on with his meal.

But little Daniel was staring at him with awestruck vision, almost forgetting to eat.

"Uncle," he cried at last, "thou art not a Jew."

Uriel laughed uneasily. "Little boys should eat and not talk."

"But, Uncle! We may not eat milk after meat."

"Well, well, then, little Rabbi!" And

Uriel pushed his plate away and pinched the child's ear fondly.

But when the child went home he prattled of his uncle's transgressions, and Joseph hurried down, storming at this misleading of his boy, and this breach of promise to the Synagogue. Uriel retorted angrily with that native candor of his which made it impossible for him long to play a part.

"I am but an ape among apes," he said, using his pet private sophism.

"Say rather an ape among lynxes, who will spy thee out," said Joseph more hotly. "Thy double-dealing will be discovered, and I shall become the laughing-stock of the congregation."

It was the beginning of a second quarrel, fiercer, bitterer than the first. Joseph denounced Uriel privily to Don Diego, who thundered at the heretic in his turn.

"I give not my daughter to an ape," he retorted when Uriel had expounded himself as usual.

"Ianthe loves the ape; 'tis her concern," Uriel was stung into rejoining.

"Nay, 'tis my concern. By Heaven, I'll grandsire no gorillas!"

"Methinks in Porto thou wast an ape thyself," cried Uriel, raging.

"Dog!" shrieked the old physician, his venerable countenance contorted, "dost count it equal to deceive the Christians and thine own brethren?" And he flung from the house.

Uriel wrote to Ianthe. She replied—

"I ask thee to make thy peace. Thou hast made bitterer war. I cannot fight against my father and all Israel. Farewell!"

Uriel's face grew grim: the puckers in his brow that her fingers had touched showed once more as terrible lines of suffering; his teeth were clenched. The old look of the hunted man came back. He took out her first note, which he kept nearest his heart, and re-read it slowly—

"Why ruin thy life for a mere abstraction? Canst thou not make peace?"

A mere abstraction! Ah! Why had that not warned him of the woman's caliber? Nay, why had he forgotten—and here he had a vivid vision of a little girl bringing in Passover cakes—her training in a double life? Not that



woman needed that—Dom Diego was right. False, frail creatures! No sympathy with principles, no recognition of the great fight he had made. Tears of self-pity started to his eyes. Well, she had, at least, saved him from cowardly surrender. The old fire flamed in his veins. He would fight to the death.

And as he tore up her notes, a strange sense of relief mingled with the bitterness and fierceness of his mood; relief to think that never again would he be called upon to jabber with the apes, to grasp their loathly paws, to join in their solemnly absurd posturings, never would he be tempted from the peace and seclusion of his book-lined study. The habits of fifteen years tugged him back like ropes of which he had exhausted the tether.

He seated himself at his desk, and took up his pen to resume his manuscript. "All evils come from not following Right Reason and the Law of Nature." He wrote on for hours, pausing from time to time to select his Latin phrases. Suddenly a hollow sense of the futility of his words, of Reason, of Nature, of everything, overcame him. What was this dreadful void at his breast? He leaned his tired, aching head on his desk and sobbed, as little Daniel had never sobbed yet.

### XIII.

To the congregation at large, ignorant of these inner quarrels, the backsliding of Uriel was made clear by the swine-flesh which the Christian butcher now openly delivered at the house. Horrified zealots remonstrated with him in the streets, and once or twice it came to a public affray. The outraged elders pressed for a renewal of the ban; but the Rabbis hesitated, thinking best, perhaps, henceforward to ignore the thorn in their sides.

It happened that a Spaniard and an Italian came from London to seek admission into the Jewish fold, Christian skeptics not infrequently finding peace in the bosom of the older faith. These would-be converts, hearing the rumors anent Uriel Acosta, bethought themselves of asking his advice. When the House of Judgment heard that he had bidden them beware of the intolerable yoke of the Rabbis, its members felt that this

was too much. Uriel Acosta was again excommunicated.

And now began new years of persecution, more grievous, more determined than ever. Again his house was stoned, his name a byword, his walks abroad a sport to the little ones of a new generation. And now even the worst he had feared came to pass. Gradually his brother, who had refused on various pretexts to liberate his capital, encroached on his property. Uriel dared not complain to the civil magistrates, by whom he was already suspected as an Atheist; besides, he still knew no Dutch, and in worldly matters was as a child. Only his love for his brother turned to deadly hate, which was scarcely intensified when Joseph led Ianthe under the marriage canopy.

So seven terrible years passed, and Uriel, the lonely, prematurely aged, found himself sinking into melancholia. He craved for human companionship, and the thought that he could find it save among Jews never occurred to him. And at last he humbled himself, and again sought forgiveness of the Synagogue.

But this time he was not to be readmitted into the fold so lightly. Imitating the gloomy forms of the Inquisition, from which they had suffered so much, the elders joined with the Rabbis in devising a penance, which would brand the memory of the heretic's repentance upon the minds of his generation.

Uriel consented to the penance, scarcely knowing what they asked of him. Anything rather than another day of loneliness; so into the great synagogue, densely filled with men and women, the penitent was led, clothed in a black mourning garb and holding a black candle. He whose earliest dread had been to be shamed before men, was made to mount a raised stage, wherefrom he read a long scroll of recantation, confessing all his ritual sins and all his intellectual errors, and promising to live till death as a true Jew. The *Chacham*, who stood near the sexton, solemnly intoned from the seventy-eighth Psalm: "But He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned He his anger away and did not stir up all his wrath. For He remembered that they were but flesh: a wind

that passeth away and cometh not again."

He whispered to Uriel, who went to a corner of the synagogue, stripped as far as the girdle, and received with dumb lips thirty-nine lashes from a scourge. Then, bleeding, he sat on the ground, while the ban was solemnly removed. Finally, donning his garments, he stretched himself across the threshold, and the congregation passed out over his body, some kicking it in pious loathing, some trampling on it viciously. The penitent remained rigid, his face pressed to the ground. Only when his brother Joseph trampled upon him, he knew by subtle memories of his tread and breathing who the coward was.

When the last of the congregants had passed over his body, Uriel arose and went away, speaking no word. The congregants, standing in groups about the canal-bridge, still discussing the terrible scene, moved aside, shuddering, silenced, as like a somnambulist that strange figure went by, the shoulders thrown back, the head high, in superb pride, the nostrils quivering, but the face as that of the dead. Never more was he seen of men. Shut up in his study, he worked feverishly day and night, writing his autobiography. "*Exemplar Humanæ Vitæ*"—an *Ensample of Human Life*, he called it, with tragic pregnancy. Scarcely a word of what the world calls a man's life—only the dry account of his abstract thought, of his progress to broader standpoints, to that great discovery—"All evils come from not following Right Reason and the Law of Nature." And therewith a virulent denunciation of Judaism and its Rabbis: "They would crucify Jesus even now if he appeared again." And, garnering the wisdom of his life-experience, he bade every man love his neighbor, not because God bids him, but by virtue of being a man. What Judaism, what Christianity contains of truth belongs not to revealed, but to natural religion. Love is older than Moses; it bands men together. The Law of Moses separates them: one brings harmony, the other discord into human society.

His task was drawing to an end. His long fight with the Rabbis was ending, too. "My cause is as far superior to theirs

as truth is more excellent than falsehood: for whereas they are advocates for a fraud that they may make a prey and slaves of men, I contend nobly in the cause of Truth, and assert the natural rights of mankind, whom it becomes to live suitably to the dignity of their nature, free from the burden of superstitions and vain ceremonies."

It was done. He laid down his quill and loaded his pair of silver-mounted pistols. Then he placed himself at the window as of yore, to watch for the passing of his brother Joseph. He knew his hand would not fail him. The days wore on, but each sunrise found him at his post.

One afternoon Joseph came, but Daniel was with him. And Uriel laid down his pistol and waited, for he yet loved the boy. And another time Joseph passed by with Ianthe. And Uriel waited.

But the third time Joseph came alone. Gabriel's heart gave a great leap of exultation. He took careful aim and fired. The shot rang through the startled neighborhood, but Joseph fled in panic, uninjured, shouting.

Uriel dropped his pistol, half in surprise at his failure, half in despairing resignation.

"There is no justice," he murmured. How gray the sky was! What a cold, bleak world!

He went to the door and bolted it. Then he took up the second pistol. Irrelevantly he noted the "G." graven on it. Gabriel! Gabriel! What memories his old name brought back! There were tears in his eyes. Why had he changed to Uriel? Gabriel! Gabriel! Was that his mother's voice calling him, as she had called him in sunny Portugal, amid the vines and the olive-trees?

Worn out, world-weary, aged far beyond his years, beaten in the long fight, despairing of justice on earth and hopeless of any heaven, Uriel Acosta leaned droopingly against his beloved desk, put the pistol's cold muzzle to his forehead, pressed the trigger, and fell dead across the open pages of his "*Exemplar Humanæ Vitæ*," the thin, curling smoke lingering a little ere it dissipated, like the futile spirit of a passing creature—"a wind that passeth away and cometh not again."



*Redrawn from a photograph.*  
LILIENTHAL'S MACHINE IN MID-AIR.

## "THE COMING RACE."

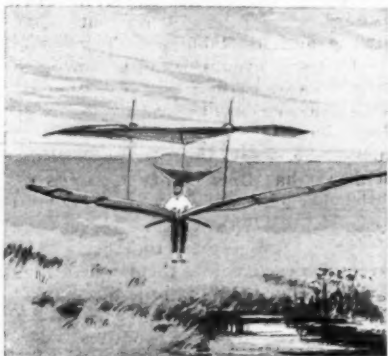
BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

### AERIAL ATHLETES.

NO sooner has the horseless carriage come to be a well understood possibility, than another method of locomotion, which appeared upon the horizon of science some time ago, begins to take definite shape. Scientists have long recognized in the flight of birds nothing more than the application of certain simple principles of mechanics pertaining to the resolution of forces. The idea that a bird held its place in the air by the aid of gases in its bones, or the lightness of its body, or by extraordinary muscles, has long since been exploded. Any one fairly familiar with mechanics, who has laid on his back on the shore of a Florida river and watched for a couple of hours the vultures—those most graceful of birds, which have been fixed so unjustly with opprobrium—must have recognized how simple was the problem involved.

The vulture is nothing more than a skilled athlete. It has not so much more than the power of man, and it must make the most ungainly efforts to rise from the earth. Preferably it will fly to the low limb of a nearby tree and then to a higher branch in order to achieve its start. Difficult and tiresome is this first ascent of a few feet, and it requires the exertion of every muscle. But once seated upon a top bough, with a clear space in the direction

of the wind, it becomes a mere matter of balancing to soar thence to the highest ether. Rested from his exertion of flopping himself up these few feet, the vulture, having noted with his quick eye the direction of the wind, spreads his wings and tail to their fullest area and launches himself swiftly downward at a sharp angle, apparently with the intention of breaking his neck against the rock which lies a couple of hundred yards away. But suddenly, before the ground is reached, one wing is raised, the position of the tail is changed, there is a sharp turn, and he is sailing off in a line of curving grace at a slowly rising angle.



*Redrawn from a photograph.*  
REACHING THE GROUND.

When the impetus gained by the first descent has been exhausted, he throws himself downward again, until striking against the wind he is once more blown upward in an ever rising circle, the stronger the wind the quicker the ascent—not a flap of the wings, not an exertion of power, not an attempt to rise, except by the skill which long inheritance and long practice have given him in balancing, first with one wing, then with the other, then by the least possible deflection of the tail. You may watch this graceful bird until he becomes an almost invisible speck in the blue sky above, and you may never detect a flap of wing or movement indicating exertion. There he rides upon the wind, far above the waters, with panoramas beneath that must rejoice even a bird's soul—secure and delighted in his own skill and safe even from the molestation of man.

There are probably such birds flying over the land of a German called Otto Lilienthal, for he conceived the idea as Michael Angelo did before him, that it would be possible for the human athlete to spread artificial wings and sail away before the winds, up to the highest heavens. Lilienthal was a busy mechanic and manufacturer and had not much time for experiment. Gradually he perfected his apparatus, until one day, standing at the top of a considerable declivity, he was able to spread his silken wings stretched on bamboo frames and soar off through the air, one, two, three hundred feet. With each experiment his range of flight grew. Now he learned something about the movement of the right wing, now something about the movement of the left wing, and at another time about the elevation or deflection of the tail. With each trial made, came increased skill. "Man can fly as well as the birds," he finally concluded, "if only he will in imitation of them make of him-



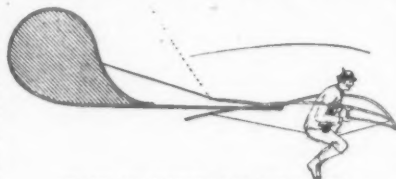
Redrawn from a photograph.  
IN FULL FLIGHT.

self an aerial athlete. I am too old to achieve much success, but if the splendid young fellows of the schools, who now make such wonderful records, will once take it up, we shall quickly have 'The Coming Race' in full panoply of wings and aerial skill. What matters it to vault eleven feet with a pole over a bar? No one ever wants in actual life to vault eleven feet with a pole over any obstacle. But to fly a mile high—that is a feat worth practising for"; and he declares that in his belief a man can learn to fly more easily than he can learn to vault eleven feet.

The editor of the New York Morning Journal has brought over one of Lilienthal's machines, and under his direction some promising experiments have been made. There should be a thousand of Lilienthal's apparatus scattered through our colleges and schools. Every campus might have its two-hundred-foot tower with platforms at thirty, fifty, eighty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred feet, from the lowest of which the aerial athlete would begin to soar, and with acquired skill and confidence advance successively to the higher vantage places.

#### STEAM AERIAL CARS.

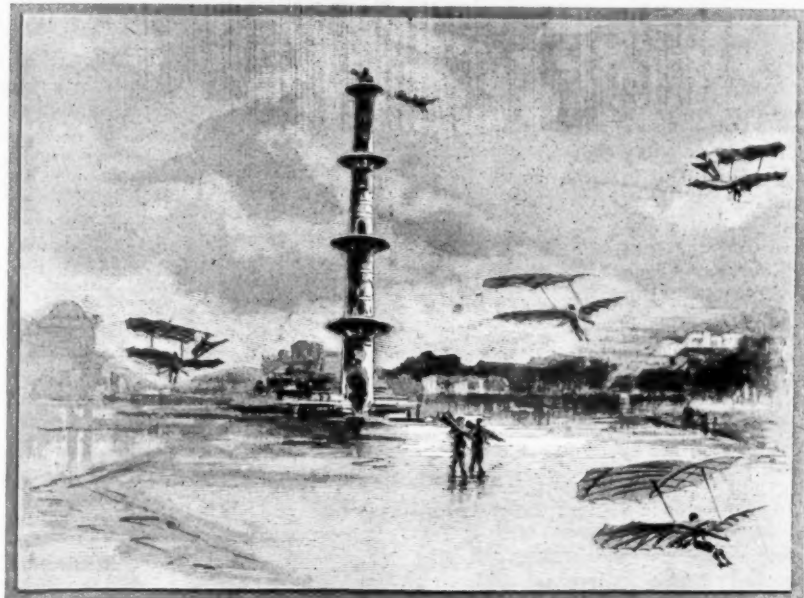
While Lilienthal has been working in the direction of the development of athletic skill, Professor Langley, the distinguished head of the Smithsonian Institute, has been devoting much time and thought to the construction of a light motor machine and its application to propellers for aerial flight. Too much credit can scarcely be given to this distinguished scientist for his courage in taking up this most important problem. Only those who know the depressing discouragements placed by the average followers of the schools, upon those who reason in new



FRAME OF LILIENTHAL'S APPARATUS.

planes of thought, can understand what it means to declare openly to the world that you are seriously undertaking to solve a problem which has hitherto been relegated to the particular province of cranks. It was then, with immense satisfaction, that the friends of Professor Langley had announced to them upon authority of no less a person than Professor Bell, of telephone fame, that the preliminary experiments had been highly successful. Mr. Bell was present at the experiments conducted by Professor Langley, on the Potomac

traordinary, no one can doubt. Very strangely, the failure to bring the matter to an immediate or early conclusion seems to be entirely due to the absence of funds necessary for proper experiment. At the beginning of the panic of '93, THE COSMOPOLITAN had arranged to expend a considerable sum in this direction, but was obliged to postpone the work owing to the cutting off of revenues which had been reasonably certain theretofore. Professor Langley should have had a Congressional appropriation for his work, but has been compelled to work along in



A COLLEGE CAMPUS IN 1901.

below Washington, where a machine driven by steam was raised by the revolution of its propeller blades and driven through the air for half a mile; after which, the supply of water being exhausted, owing to the absence of a condensing apparatus, the machine came to the ground. A second flight was equally successful.

Just what the results to the human race would be if the navigation of the aerial currents could ever be successfully accomplished, it would be impossible to predict. That they would be far reaching and ex-

a small way owing to the limited resources at his command. When hundreds of thousands are being spent upon all sorts of frivolous and unimportant things, it seems incredible that the sum of one hundred thousand dollars cannot be raised for such a purpose.

Perhaps it can be, and it is only required that public attention should be called to the need to accomplish the end. Let us try. To begin, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE subscribes five thousand dollars to a fund, to be expended under the charge of experts, in solving the

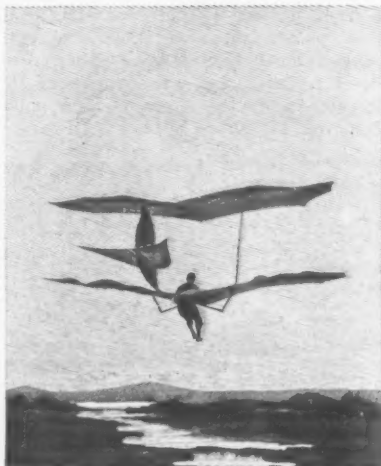


problem of aerial navigation: provided, the additional sum of ninety-five thousand dollars shall be subscribed within six months to the stock of "The Cosmopolitan Aeronautical Association," to be incorporated under the laws of New York. Ex-Postmaster Gen. Thomas L. James, president of the Lincoln Bank, in New York, will act as treasurer, and deposit subscriptions in the Lincoln Bank to the credit of the association; one-fifth of all subscriptions to be payable at the time subscription shall be made, two-fifths when the Board of Directors shall announce that the subscription of one hundred thousand dollars is complete and that work will be begun; and the remaining two-fifths at the call of the directors of the association. The stock will be divided in shares of ten dollars. Each subscriber shall contribute his subscription without expectation of profit or return of any kind, but simply with a view to furthering the solution of the problem of aerial navigation.

ENTER THE  
HORSELESS AGE.

promise to be prolific in mechanical advances. To us is given the privilege of welcoming the horseless age. The twentieth is to be the century of mechanical device—perhaps the century of electrical energy drawn from the ceaseless motion of our globe, whirling through space. Bulwer's dream of "The Coming Race" of men and women for whom science will perform so many of those labors, to which ruder generations were obliged to give over-

worked muscles, seems about to be realized, and with it the removal of the unhappy multitudes from grimy tenements and narrow, unhealthy streets, to green fields and shady groves, access to which will be made possible by the progress of mechanical science.



Redrawn from a photograph.

LILIENTHAL'S MACHINE DESCENDING.

If now we can but learn to distribute properly the goods which nature so freely gives, prevent the encroachments of the strong upon the weak, the exactions of the cunning upon the guileless, the problem of living will be solved and comfort will be within the reach of all orders of the people. And as fast as by the aid of mechanical ingenuity we increase production and draw away from the fierce wolf of want, by so much does the human heart grow

larger and more generous. The wolf will always snap and snarl, but it is the hungry wolf which is really fierce of attack.

The beginning of the horseless age in America was marked with a very different welcome from that given to the age of steam railways, ushered by George Stephenson, into England. There doubt, misgiving and ridicule met the inventor. In this, the highest officials of Church and Army and Commerce, representatives of Art and Literature and Science, came together at the invitation of THE COSMOPOLITAN to greet the entry of the new motor wagons with their promise of overthrowing inferior conditions. It was impossible not to recognize the contrast, and to feel that this generous greeting to the horseless carriage, which had come so suddenly and so unexpectedly into our civilization, was characteristic of our people and our republic.





# A SPY OF FRANCE



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHULER.

their own skulls. This was perfectly plain to the men and to the petty officers, Britons and Colonials alike, and we felt sure that it would be fatal to the hopes of the Frenchman if he presumed that any doubts would be resolved in his favor.

Although the Colonel's manner must have warned him that he was standing upon the edge of an open grave, it did not detract a whit from the jaunty humor of the Frenchman. He might have been strutting it at some grand ball, so far as his appearance went. He twirled his mustache, looked around gaily, and hummed :

Hier, sur le pont d'Avignon,  
J'ai oui chanter la belle,  
Lon, la,  
J'ai oui chanter la belle,  
Elle chantait d'un ton si doux  
Comme une demoiselle,  
Lon, la,  
Comme une demoiselle.

The last line lingered upon his lips, as if he were forgetful of our presence. But in a moment he turned his eyes upon us again, and said, mixing his French and his English in a queer manner, though he spoke the latter almost without accent :

"Ah, Messieurs les Anglais et les Americains, it seems that I am your prisoner ! This is an honor which I did not expect to achieve so soon ! Mais, fortune de guerre ! Who can say that I am not the gainer by it when it has brought me into so close an acquaintance with such brave men, such accomplished soldiers ! Truly chance is a kind goddess, for sometimes she brings to us what all our best efforts have failed to win."

The Colonel's face, always red and inflamed, flushed a deeper hue than ever, and for a moment there was a gurgle in his throat as if he wished to say something and could not. Talbot, the Englishman, whom I liked very much and who had become my messmate, whispered to me :

"How can a man whose life may turn upon a word speak to the Colonel like

I FELT much sorrow for the Frenchman and thought it a great pity that one so young, so gallant, and so gay should die a shameful death, but I saw no chance for him. The defeat at Ticonderoga was still fresh in the minds of our leaders and the memory of it festered like a sore. The knowledge that their own ignorance and rashness had caused a sacrifice so heavy and so useless did not dispose them to mellowness of temper. When the officers first came over to teach us how to beat the French, they showed much choler at the best of times, caviling at this and carping at that, and saying everything we had done was contrary to the rules of European tactics, and could end in nothing but disaster. We did not accept these rebuffs in a spirit that was wholly meek, although I for one was not lacking in respect for the old country and its great deeds. But they had their way, and when they looked upon the stricken field of Ticonderoga, and heard that Montcalm was victor, everywhere they knew their way was a grievous mistake. Such reflections, as I am sure our leaders must have had, and the strictures upon their errors which I more than suspect were contained in the despatches of the prime minister and the king, made them even more curt and sour than they had been in the period of their insolence, when they thought all the wisdom and knowledge of the times was gathered under

that? Either he must be very brave or very foolish, and when I knew him I did not think he was the latter."

I made no reply, for I was intent on watching the Frenchman. I fancied that he was not lacking in the true appreciation of his position, but he took the matter like one who feared nothing. Since we have conquered the possessions of the French on this continent, there are many who decry the men of that race, but I know better, for I am one of those who had to face them, and my comrades will bear me out in the assertion that they are as heroic, as daring, and as tenacious as any people that ever existed. I had become acquainted already with these qualities of our enemies, and the one who stood so fearlessly before us invited all my sympathy.

Presently the Colonel found his voice, and snarled out, with what I thought an indecent show of passion:

"We are thankful for the pleasure you express in making a closer acquaintance with us; but it is very painful to feel that the acquaintance may be terminated so abruptly as the circumstances seem to require. We would wish nothing better than to have as our permanent guest one of the trusted officers of the Marquis de Montcalm. But the laws of war, we fear, forbid it."

Having said this, the Colonel looked around at us, in order that he might see stamped upon our faces the proper admiration of his pomposity.

"The Marquis de Montcalm," said the Frenchman with a graceful bow, "is a complete gentleman as well as a great soldier, un brav soldat, et un parfait gentilhomme. He knows how to repay the hospitality which may be accorded to his officers and friends, and it will be his labor and delight to return it."

The Colonel's inflamed face took on a purple hue again. Some of the strong wine that he had been drinking must have flown to his head or surely he would not have been so remiss in courtesy to the officer and gentleman who was in his power. "Let us stop this play upon words," he said in his most choleric manner. "Zounds, man, am I to stand here and let you insult me forever? One would think that I am the prisoner and you the captor! You know, Monsieur St. Cyr, if

that is your name, you were taken within our lines."

"Ah, c'est vrai, Monsieur le Colonel," said the Frenchman; "that is, I have it on the word of Monsieur le Colonel, and an English officer is too much of a gentleman to tell that which is not the truth. It is as Monsieur le Colonel says. I was taken within the English lines. But alas! how was I to know? I am traveling with a message, a very important message for Monsieur le Marquis de Montcalm. I am traveling in great haste. I meet a party of English soldiers. They capture me and tell me I am within their lines. But I did not see. How could I know it?"

It was true that our sentinels had been remiss, and Talbot whispered to me that if there had been any chance for mercy before, it was gone now. But from the very first I had thought St. Cyr was doomed, and I admired his easy manner. Certainly no man could face his fate more lightly or more gracefully.

There was an awkward pause, that is, it was awkward for us. St. Cyr was not at all disconcerted. He hummed his gay little song, cocked his hat a trifle on one side, and sat down on a fallen log. He looked around at us as if waiting to hear what we might say. Then for the first time his eyes fell upon Talbot who had been standing behind me, whether to escape observation I know not.

When he saw Talbot a flash of happy surprise came over his face. He sprang forward and seized the young Englishman by both hands and exclaimed in the warmest tones:

"Ah, mon cher Talbot, c'est vous, the friend whom I knew in the gay Paris before our sovereigns had a trifling disagreement and sent us here to fight their battles. And now I am a prisoner in the hands of your commander. Mais, fortune de guerre! But this chance besides winning for me the pleasure of an acquaintance with Monseigneur le Colonel, your accomplished commander, has enabled me to meet an old and remembered friend again. Truly, I could not call it a bad fortune, after all."

"I am very sorry, indeed, to see you here in this position," said Talbot, who is always a man of blunt speech. "I would rather see any other Frenchman than you here under the circumstances."

"Say not so, mon cher Talbot," replied St. Cyr without any abatement of his gaiety. "This meeting will be a pleasant incident in a soldier's life to remember. Some day when your sovereign and mine have ended their quarrel we will recall it over a bottle of red wine in the gay Paris."

Talbot smiled sadly, but said nothing. The Colonel had glowered at us during the recognition and the conversation that followed.

"So," he said, "it seems that you have met a friend, one who can vouch for your name and position. I am sorry for that, since it renders our task the more disagreeable."

"I beg Monsieur le Colonel not to trouble himself on my account," said St. Cyr.

"I fear I must," said the Colonel, thrusting out his inflamed and lowering face. "Since you have greeted your friend, let us return to the matter which we had in hand."

"If I can serve in anything so accomplished and courteous an officer as Monsieur le Colonel," said St. Cyr, "he is at liberty to command me. I put myself at his service."

He made a polite bow, reseated himself upon the log, and looked smilingly at the Colonel. I turned my gaze from the Frenchman to watch our commander, who had always seemed to me a very irascible and pompous man, all epaulets and sounding words. And when he was in wine his temper, naturally bad, became intolerable. The Frenchman's manner rasped him, and had it not been for our presence he might have so far forgotten himself as to strike his prisoner. He glowered at the Frenchman a while, contracting his beetle brows over his blood-shot eyes.

"I said just now that you were taken within our lines, Monsieur St. Cyr. You were alone, and you could have been there but for one purpose. In war there is only one name for men who do that. Do you know, Monsieur St. Cyr, what I take you to be?"

He thrust his face still nearer to St. Cyr's and its purple hue deepened. I fancy that a man about to have a stroke of apoplexy must have looked as our Colonel did. But the Frenchman did not

flinch. He looked straight into the Colonel's eyes and said with his gay smile:

"I have no doubt, mon cher Colonel, that you mean I am a spy. You would accuse me of prowling about your camp in search of information to take to Monsieur le Marquis de Montcalm, the number of soldiers you have, their readiness for battle, and other such trifles. Am I not right, mon cher Colonel?"

"Your surmise is correct," said the Colonel, and I thought there was a trace of satisfaction in his tone; "and as you are a soldier, I presume you know the usual punishment for spies?"

"Vraiment, Monsieur le Colonel, certainement," said St. Cyr with his blithe little laugh. "I hope you do not think me so dull as not to know that. We either shoot or hang them. If time presses and the necessary materials are not convenient, we introduce them to the future with the assistance of a bullet. But if there is no hurry, and it is convenient otherwise, we induce them to leave this world at the end of a rope. Poor fellows! It is a somewhat violent interruption of their careers, but the necessities of war demand it. I have no doubt that since the king, my master, and the king, your master, had the misfortune to disagree, more than one unlucky lad has been compelled to end his campaign in the middle of it through this same sad necessity of war. Mais, fortune de guerre, Monsieur le Colonel, fortune de guerre!"

He looked around at us all with his quick, light smile, waved his hand at his friend Talbot, and again hummed:

Hier, sur le pont d'Avignon,  
J'ai oui chanter la belle,  
Lon, la,  
J'ai oui chanter la belle,  
Elle chantait d'un ton si doux  
Comme une demoiselle,  
Lon, la,  
Comme une demoiselle.

"You like to see brave men, Talbot," I whispered to my friend. "Then look well at your friend Monsieur St. Cyr. I doubt whether in all our campaigns you will meet a man who will carry a lighter heart at a time when those of most men would be heaviest."

"He is a Frenchman," he replied, simply. Then he added: "I would much rather have met him on the field of battle than here."



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.  
ON THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON.

The Frenchman again was the one to renew the conversation. Our camp lay in an opening in the woods. Repeated disasters had not taught our leaders anything, and in that dense wilderness a large army might have come within a mile of us without our knowing of its presence. But the place was a noble and inspiring sight: the trees, majestic in their height and girth, stretched away in long rows as I have seen them planted in parks in the old country; their dense foliage, tangled and interwoven, made a vast green canopy upon which the rays of the sun dissipated themselves, failing to reach the earth below. Beneath, the grass grew long and soft. The clear waters of a brook trickled over some stones. A western wind sighed softly among the trees. All nature seemed to invite to peace and rest.

St. Cyr sniffed the air as if some odor-

ous breath came on the west wind. His eyes sparkled, he waved his hand at the green forest, and said:

"Ah, gentlemen, la belle France herself, the pearl of countries, has no finer sylvan scene than this to show. We behold nature here in her most attractive mood. Ah, it is a thousand

pities that our poets, those greatest of Frenchmen, Molière, Racine, and Corneille, could not have walked in these woods as we have walked in them; could not have heard the voice of nature as we hear it now! Ah, what great poems have not been written because the great poets have not been amid such surroundings as these! It is a fine thing to be a great poet, is it not, messieurs, perhaps a finer thing than to be a great soldier?"

"I should not think you would be caring much for poetry just now," said the Colonel, choking and muttering as if he were compelled to drag his voice up from infinite depths.

"And why not, mon cher Colonel?" exclaimed St. Cyr. "You are too hard upon the company. You do yourself and your officers here an injustice. I am sure that such gallant men have the true love of nature and beauty that becomes the brave. In such company, with such support, I would be a clod indeed if I did not try to elevate myself to the same height."

"I think," said our Colonel, "that the conversation has wandered again from the matter in hand. It is perhaps rude to disturb the poetic thoughts of Monsieur St. Cyr, but I am a soldier and not a poet."

"I would not have thought it," said St. Cyr with an apologetic bow.

The purple spots came again in the Colonel's face. He had been one of those who were foremost in advising the rash attack at Ticonderoga, and much had been said about his want of ability.

"Nor have I been trained in any of the schools to chatter," resumed the Colonel. "We know that the French, our enemies, are skilled in such light and elegant matters as these, and can fence mightily with words. But I am only a soldier, and if the bluntness of my speech seems rude, overlook it."

"Certainment! Certainment!" said St. Cyr. "Nothing that Monsieur le Colonel might say could give me offense."

The Colonel looked disconcerted again, but he shrugged his shoulders and resumed:

"We were talking a little while ago about spies. Monsieur St. Cyr was so kind as to inform us what a spy is, and the punishment that is accorded to him when he falls into the hands of his enemies. He told with great readiness what I took Monsieur St. Cyr to be. It is with regret then that I must tell him—"

"Now, mon cher Colonel is about to give himself pain," broke in St. Cyr. "He thinks he must say words which sound harsh to me. I will spare him that annoyance. I will put those words into his mouth myself. He would say that I, Gabriel St. Cyr, am a spy, and that he is going to put me to death, n'est ce pas, mon cher Colonel?"

"You have said it. It is so," replied the Colonel, and again I thought I noticed the gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. More than ever I despised him.

"It is many pities that Monsieur le Colonel should take me for a spy," said St. Cyr, who was by far the cheeriest of the party, "but he seems to have his belief settled. I fear I should annoy the good Colonel if I were to undertake to persuade him to the contrary. So I, being a Frenchman, and knowing the worth of courtesy, will not ruffle the brave Colonel's feelings. No, I will let him have his way. The brave English officers must have their way. Mais n'importe. Yet surely the Marquis de Montcalm will be sad when he hears what has become of his friend and officer."

"It does not matter what your Montcalm will think of it," brutally blurted

the Colonel. "At least, where you are going you will never know what his thoughts may be."

"The Colonel is a very wise man if he knows that," smiled St. Cyr. "It is a great achievement to solve all the mysteries of the future which have been perplexing the philosophers so long."

"I shall not play with words any longer," said the Colonel. "I tell you, Monsieur St. Cyr, to prepare to meet your fate in the morning."

"And I shall have a whole night in which to make my preparations!" cried St. Cyr. "Ah, mon cher Colonel, you are indeed very kind, and I, a poor soldier of France, about to penetrate the secrets of the future, thank you! It is more than I had expected."

He had arisen to make another of his graceful bows, and when he had reseated himself upon the log he sang his scrap of song again. The Colonel heard him through, though with a heavy frown on his face. Then he sent away all but Talbot and me. When they had gone he drew near to St. Cyr and said in a voice which he meant to be insinuating, but which was very repellent:

"Now, Monsieur St. Cyr, you look like a brave man. You are certainly a young man, and doubtless life is dear to you. At least you do not wish to die the death of a spy. Perhaps there is a chance of preventing it. That chance depends upon you, and I have sent those people away that you might not be embarrassed. You spoke of having an important message for Montcalm. Perhaps if the information contained in that message were told to somebody, somebody else might have no restriction put upon his future movements. Zounds, man, do I make myself plain!"

There was no doubt about his bluntness.

"I would strike a man who made such a proposition to me," whispered Talbot, "if I were shot the next minute for it."

But if any change came over St. Cyr's countenance, it passed so quickly I could not see it. His face was smiling when he replied:

"Mon cher Colonel is true to his description of himself. He does not speak in riddles; nor will I. In this matter I will take the advice of the Colonel who is a gallant gentleman as well as a skilled



soldier. I will leave the matter in his hands. Suppose he should be in my place and I in his, and I were to make this same proposition to him, what would he do? I will do whatever *mon cher Colonel* says he would do. He has only to speak."

The Colonel's inflamed eyes wandered around to us; but Talbot's face was as impassive as stone, and I tried to discharge all expression from mine, also. He could get no assistance from us; he growled out a curse, and said:

"I will not answer your question, *Monsieur St. Cyr*; the difficulty is yours, not mine."

"Then," said *St. Cyr*, "I cannot do better than to imitate *Monsieur le Colonel* in this as well as other respects. He that says nothing will have nothing to deny. I, too, decline to say anything, and I wish it to be understood that I am following the wise precedent set for me by *Monsieur le Colonel*."

The Colonel's wrath now had almost entire mastery of him. He looked furiously at the Frenchman, and presently he jerked out:

"Well, I thought I would give you a chance. You do not wish to take it, so it seems. You have played another game and you have lost."

"The Colonel speaks with words of wisdom," said *St. Cyr*.

"If you should change your mind in the night," resumed the Colonel, taking no notice of the interruption, "I would not deny you another opportunity to save your life; also, I would not be inferior in politeness to one of our enemies. You shall have good company to-night. Your guards shall be your friend *Lieutenant Talbot* and his friend, *Lieutenant Wharton*, of the New York regiment."

"But," protested Talbot with a heightened color, "we are officers. Surely you cannot mean to assign us to such duty."

"You will obey your orders," said the Colonel in a voice thick with anger; "and besides," he added, turning to *St. Cyr*, and making a clumsy imitation of the latter's bow, "it is for the sake of *Monsieur St. Cyr* who has shown himself to be such a perfect French gentleman. It is well that on his last night he should have the company of those who can appreciate his spirit and wit."

"You do me too much honor," returned *St. Cyr*. "You could not do me more unless you granted to me the company of *Monsieur le Colonel* himself."

The Colonel made no articulate reply, but presently he designated a tent near the edge of the glade in which *St. Cyr* was to spend his last night. We were to sit guard with him. Talbot swore between his teeth, but said nothing aloud. Indeed, it was not wise to do so. It would merely have provoked some new explosion of wrath, some new indignity. I relished the matter as little as Talbot did, but I saw very readily that it was better for us to keep silent.

The Colonel followed us to the tent, and when we had gone in, he said with a grotesque imitation of *St. Cyr's* lightness and courtesy:

"I trust, *Monsieur St. Cyr*, you will fare well here. This is not like a parlor in gay Paris, but it is the best we have to offer in this wilderness. I recommend you to these young gentlemen, and bid you good-night."

"Pay no heed to him, *St. Cyr*," said Talbot, when the Colonel had passed out of earshot. "I am ashamed to call him a countryman of mine. All I can say in excuse is that he is a boor by nature, and the wine-cup has made him worse."

"Do not apologize, *mon cher Talbot*," replied *St. Cyr*. "Indeed, France could wish that England had many more like *Monsieur le Colonel*:

Hier, sur le pont d'Avignon,  
J'ai oui chanter la belle,  
Lon, la,  
J'ai oui chanter la belle,  
Elle chantait d'un ton si doux  
Comme une demoiselle,  
Lon, la,  
Comme une demoiselle.

"Ah, that was yesterday, messieurs! Mais demain! She will sing on the bridge of Avignon, and who will be there to hear her? Ah, messieurs, I feel no sorrow for myself. I am a soldier and a gentleman. But I would not have tears for my fate to dim the soft eyes of any one in la belle France! Mais, fortune de guerre, messieurs, fortune de guerre!"

Neither Talbot nor I could make reply. Ought not all of us to know by this time that a brave and gay exterior may conceal a soft and tender heart?

"Forget it, messieurs, I pray you; for-



get it!" he exclaimed. "Let it not be said that an officer of France, one who has heard Montcalm's approving words, gave way to weakness when about to face death. It was but for a moment. It has passed, and now I am ready to meet anything, even your gallant Colonel."

I liked him all the better for the dash of feeling he had shown, and Talbot, always a man of few words, as I have said before, pressed his hands silently.

There was nothing in the tent but a bearskin, and St. Cyr reclined upon it with careless grace.

"I would not deprive you, messieurs," he said, "of any slender comfort my quarters may afford, but I presume your duties will compel you to keep guard at the door of the tent, and I would not willingly tempt you into any neglect of those duties. You wish to win glory, promotion, n'est ce pas? Ah, messieurs, so long as the Marquis de Montcalm leads

the armies of France on this continent there will be many opportunities for the brave."

I did not feel like talking. To tell the truth, my spirits were very heavy. It is no light task to keep a death-watch, to sit guard over the last hours of one whom you like and admire, and to watch with all your faculties lest he seize some chance for life. It is a position to which even now I cannot look back without a quiver of the nerves. Talbot's face showed no emotion. Indeed, its expression rarely changed, no matter what the provocation might be. But I felt sure he was deeply moved.

St. Cyr relapsed by and by into silence, and his face became thoughtful and a trifle sad. I suppose he was thinking of "la belle" on the bridge of Avignon, of whom he had sung so gaily. Talbot and I stood by the door in heavy silence. The bustle and confusion of the camp went on for a while, then died down as night approached. An orderly brought food. St. Cyr's appetite was much better than ours.

"Ah, the good Colonel is very kind," he said. "He sees that a soldier of France whom the fortune of war has thrown into his hands does not go hungry. The good Colonel will get his reward."

When he had eaten, he politely asked us to excuse him, and reclined once more on the bearskin.

The dusk came and then the night, and after a time the camp noises ceased, save a confused murmur like the hum of many bees. Lights glimmered, but all around the encircling rim of the forest rose like a dark and mighty wall. Our peculiar position made the night seem oppressive. In the tent the air felt hot and choking. I stepped outside and stood beside the door while Talbot watched.

Hours must have passed. The moon came out and shed its silver rays over glade and forest. The wind rose and sighed mournfully through the trees. Near the wall of the forest I could see the sentinels, their figures dim and shadowy, and occasionally the breeze brought to me the echo of footsteps, as



Drawn by  
S. W. Van Schaick

"IT SEEMS THAT I AM YOUR PRISONER!"

they tramped up and down. Presently I started as the lonely hoot of an owl far off in the forest came to my ears. I looked into the tent, but Talbot stood, stiff and upright, by the door. St. Cyr still lay on the bearskin with his face turned away. He may have been asleep.

The Colonel's tent was not far off, and the sounds which came from it soon indicated that some revelry was in progress there. I should not have been surprised at this, for it was no new thing, but the occasion did not seem to invite to merriment.

The sounds grew louder. I heard the clink of glasses, and two thick, coarse voices took up the chorus of a drinking-song. I knew it well. That one was the Colonel's. The accompanying voice belonged to one of our Colonial majors, who had joined us at Albany, a heavy, lumpy man, fully as pompous and heavy as the Colonel himself. This major had been the Colonel's companion in debauchery, much to the annoyance of the other Colonial officers. We were all of us anxious to make a good appearance before our English friends who had seen so much service in the great wars of Europe.

I hoped that St. Cyr could not hear it, but I feared that he did, although nothing was said.

As the song ceased, it was followed by guttural laughter. This gave way in its turn to the rattling of dice, perfectly audible in the stillness of the camp. Now and then came loud oaths, and my indignation increased. How could we ever deserve to win with such men as these to lead us? I wondered at the lowliness and cruelty of the mind which could sit thus, while the man whose life it had reduced to the term of a few hours lay within hearing. I was roused from these melancholy musings by a cheerful voice in the tent.

"Ah," said St. Cyr, "notre cher Colonel looks upon the merry side of life. I have heard that the English were heavy and solemn, but it is not so, at least in the case of the good Colonel."

He was sitting up on the bearskin, and he had recognized the Colonel's voice; perhaps he had recognized it long before.

In the moonlight I could see Talbot's face flush when St. Cyr spoke. It was the first time he had shown emotion.

"Do not think, St. Cyr," he said, "that all our colonels are like the one in the tent over there."

"Not at all! Not at all, mon cher Lieutenant," returned St. Cyr in his lively fashion, "for if they were it would bring no glory to Frenchmen to serve against you. I shall expect you, mon ami, to be another sort of colonel."

He said no more about the matter, but closed his eyes and appeared to be asleep.

Talbot and I retained our stations. The night dragged heavily, and the noise of the carouse in the Colonel's tent continued. Evidently they intended to make an all-night affair of it. I would have shut out the sounds, but there was no way to do it. I tried to distract my attention by watching the dim figures of the sentinels as they trod their beats. Then I studied the wall of the forest and tried to imagine that I could see the skirmishers of the enemy lurking in its shade. But invariably my mind wandered back to the tent. When an orderly came out and returned with several bottles, I felt that the thing would not end before daybreak.

It must have been well beyond midnight when the flap of the Colonel's tent was thrust aside and his heavy figure lurched out. He swung about for a while like a schooner rocking among the high waves. Either he did not know which way he intended to go or was unable to carry out his intentions. After some minutes of this uneasy staggering he came in my direction, stepping very high and bringing down his feet very hard.

When the Colonel drew near I saw that he was in a state of sodden intoxication; his face was swollen and was a mottled red and purple; his eyes were inflamed, and when he spoke to me his voice was so thick as to be scarce articulate.

"Ah, it ish you, ish it, Lieutenant?" he hiccupped, "and how ish ze prisoner, ze d—d French spy?"

Conquering my repugnance as best I could, I answered in a tone becoming a subaltern when he addresses his superior, that I believed St. Cyr was asleep.

"Asleep! Asleep!" growled the Colonel, swinging from side to side. "Sorry to dishturb his slumbers, but will get

plenty of rest soon. Must wake spy. Give him one more chance to save his life."

Summoning up all his drunken dignity the Colonel tried to stand erect. He drew around him his military cloak which some one had thrown over his shoulders when he came out of his tent, and sought to look haughty. The attempt was distressing.

"Colonel," said Talbot, "I think it is useless for you to talk about the matter to Monsieur St. Cyr. He will never do what you have proposed. He is asleep now, and this is his last night on earth, Colonel."

"Don't care!" exclaimed the Colonel

angrily. "Don't interfere with your shuperior. Put you under arrest."

I think Talbot would have protested still, but St. Cyr himself came to the door and exclaimed:

"Ah, it is mon cher Colonel again, and in a happier frame of mind than when I saw him last. The Colonel does not allow his duties as a soldier to suppress his inclinations as a man. May I welcome you to my somewhat narrow quarters, Colonel?"

"Yesh," said the Colonel thickly, "wantsh to talk to you again. Have proposition to make. Confidential! Won't embarrass you with other listeners."

Then in no very polite way he ordered

Talbot and me to withdraw out of ear-shot. I felt like demurring, for I knew that the Colonel, rid of our presence, would be likely to say grossly insulting things to St. Cyr. But Talbot pulled me by the arm.

"Let him have his way," he said. "It is not worth while to protest. I think from what we have heard, Monsieur St. Cyr is quite able to make a fitting reply to any questions."

We walked a short distance away and sat down on a little hillock to wait until the close of the interview. I could indistinctly hear the voices of St. Cyr and the Colonel. Occasionally there was an oath, which I knew, without any reference to the tones of the voice, was the Colonel's. I wished to listen, not with any desire to overhear what they might say, but I feared the Colonel in his drunk-



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

"HE LURCHED FROM RIGHT TO LEFT."

eness might strike St. Cyr, in which case there would be a call for our interference.

But Talbot, contrary to the whole nature of the man, was talkative. I suppose his indignation had loosened his tongue at last. He criticized the approaches to our camp and the ease with which an enemy could creep upon us; then he made a heavy joke or two, and laughed rather noisily. These interruptions distracted my attention. When Talbot presently relapsed into silence and appeared to be listening, I strained my ears but could hear nothing. I became alarmed for St. Cyr. The Colonel in his wrath might have felled the prisoner with a blow from a pistol butt that would leave him insensible. A drunken man can strike very hard sometimes, and the Colonel was not incapable of such a deed.

"I think we had better return," I said, "and take the Colonel away."

"Oh, no," said Talbot, putting his hand on my arm, "we have only to obey. Let us remain here; be patient. The Colonel will be out presently."

I waited in much aggravation of spirit, and more than once might have started for the tent had not Talbot kept his restraining hand on my arm.

"Be patient, Wharton! Be patient!" he said, and then began to comment again on the camp, until I replied coldly. At that moment the Colonel slouched out of the tent. I did not think for a moment that he had had any success with St. Cyr. The biting words the Frenchman would be sure to use had evidently aroused in him some sense of shame, for he hung his head as he came out, and his cloak was pulled up, muffling his face in part. He staggered and nearly fell, but revived himself, and instead of coming in our direction went away from us.

"He is so heavy with liquor he does not know the way to his own tent. We must lead him there, Talbot," said I.

"Let him alone," replied Talbot coolly. "If he wanders around the camp and disgraces himself, so much the better for everybody. Then we may get rid of him and all his like."

I could not answer this argument, and I thought the best thing to do was to

watch the Colonel. He lurched from right to left and from left to right, but always came back to the general direction in which he was going. He came presently to some billets which had been piled up for firewood.

"I'll lay you a shilling he falls over them," I said to Talbot.

"I'll take the wager," he replied.

The Colonel paused before the billets, and swung to and fro like a ship uncertain of her course. But at last he veered to the right, and passing the obstruction safely, went on.

I took out a shilling and handed it to Talbot. He received it and put it in his pocket. Neither of us said a word. Two or three men about the camp saw the Colonel, but they said nothing to him. They knew him too well to do that. A tent by and by shut him from our view, and we did not see him again.

We sat for some time on the hillock. Talbot was silent and thoughtful. All his desire to talk seemed to have left him.

"As the Colonel has gone," I said at length, "I think we had better resume our guard over the prisoner."

"Very well," said Talbot, "I suppose we are responsible for him."

We walked slowly back to the tent. I looked in. St. Cyr was lying against the far side; his figure seemed to be distorted, and his military coat was drawn up around his face. His breathing was thick and broken; it was more like gasping. I was struck with alarm. It flashed upon me instantly that St. Cyr, in some manner, had committed suicide. He would not die the death of a spy, and had sought that way out of it.

I entered the tent hastily and turned him on his back. The coat remained over his face, and I saw that it was knotted there with strips of cloth. Calling Talbot to my aid, we jerked the coat off and disclosed a mottled red and purple face, and inflamed and projecting eyeballs. It was the Colonel!

When we released him he led a furious search in the camp and the surrounding woods, but we found nothing, though once in the forest I thought I heard an echo:

Hier, sur le pont d'Avignon,  
J'ai oui chanter la belle,  
Lou, la.



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## THE PRESERVATION OF WILD ANIMALS.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT.

**C**OMPARATIVELY speaking, taxidermy—the preservation of animals or their forms for study and exhibition—is not old among the arts. In common with other crafts, sciences, and directions of human activity, this industry may be traced in its cruder phases far back into history. We may see its beginnings in the Egyptian methods of embalming their revered dead and the bodies of various animals. Pliny, in 146 B. C., describes the “Gorgones,” which were undoubtedly the skins of gorillas collected in Africa by that famous old navigator, Hanno, who, five hundred years before Christ gives an account of his explorations and of his having discovered the gorilla. “Having killed and flayed them,” he says, “we conveyed their skins to Carthage.” These skins were preserved, and the early naturalists studied them for several generations. Like research in almost any direction will show that in the earliest times of which we have any account, the skins of animals were first preserved by savage hands, either tanned, or else as in the case of the skins of birds or of certain fancy furs, to gratify barbaric taste for personal adornment. Embalming was really a later art, although allied in a way to prehistoric taxidermy. Among the more advanced races of men, bodies are now only embalmed temporarily, either to render distant transportation possible, or to facilitate certain ceremonies in honor of distinguished dead. Tanning has developed upon a distinctly different line, and has, through careful experiment and study, been carried to great lengths of beauty and usefulness.

The evolution of taxidermy has been the natural result of a desire to keep an undisputable record of the chase. That one may not eat his apple and keep it is a saying almost as old as the tradition of a sportsman's natural tendency to exaggeration when telling the tale of his adventures. Archaic taxidermy provided a means of effectively settling all doubts in the way of the deserved fame of the aboriginal hunter. He might not only renew the pleasure of the hunt by looking upon the lifelike relics of his captures, but these same relics afforded a most uncontrovertible argument in silencing the jeers of the envious and the doubting. The development of photography into a process easily undertaken by amateurs has made it possible for such records to be kept much more conveniently and economically; though the mounted antlers and the tiger-skin rug remain as evidence that the instinct is common to him who hunted with a javelin as well as to him who “pumps lead” from a modern Winchester.

A horrid analogy is furnished in modern times by the American Indian's custom of preserving the scalp of his slain enemy, or in the still more revolting method of preserving similar trophies adopted by those tribes which remove not only the scalp, but the skin of the entire head, which, though shrunken and distorted, is stuffed into some semblance of life.



HAWKS—BRITISH MUSEUM.



WORKSHOP OF CHIEF NATURALIST—UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM.

It was a very natural sequence to the desire to preserve such trophies of the hunt and battle that a demand should come for artisans sufficiently skilled to give to the trophies the forms natural to them in life, for the gratification of the curious and for the information of students.

In this stage, taxidermy came under the patronage of the medieval disciples of physic. In those days much that was uncanny, or ghoulish, was associated with the druggist and with the doctor. This was distinctly the case in Shakspeare's time. The dramatist, describing his London apothecary, within whose

"Needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuffed and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes,"

shows his knowledge of the craft. Complete differentiation of the two callings, that of the naturalist and that of the devotee of physic and surgery, is by no means yet effected, even among nations most advanced in such matters. It is often seen, for example, in the imposing of the double duty of surgeon and naturalist on one person in parties of exploration.

When it is said, however, that the art of taxidermy is of comparatively modern development, it is meant that we have not succeeded in tracing its history back

for a period extending much over three centuries. At the close of the seventeenth century, the collection of Sir Hans Sloane, which formed the nucleus of the British Museum, had in it some few examples of the taxidermist's work. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that any special treatises upon the subject appeared. Perhaps the oldest known museum specimen in the world is a rhinoceros in the Royal Museum of Vertebrates, in Florence. Formerly it was on exhibition in the Medicean Museum of the same city, and was doubtless originally mounted some time during the sixteenth century for the museum of Ulysses Aldrovandus, in Bologna.

For the most part, however, during the entire eighteenth century and the earlier years of our own, the preservation of vertebrated animals of every description passed into the hands of ignorant jobbers and stuffers. There were a few exceptions to this rule, becoming somewhat more numerous as time passed on. As the early days and years of the second half of the present century were ushered in, a marvelous activity in science became apparent. The establishment of the law of organic evolution had a deal to do with this remarkable stimulation, and the science of biology soon came to be recognized as a distinct profession. Men and

women with minds of the very highest order joined its forces; museums, as repositories of biological material, were vastly improved in every direction. With this improvement gradually came the increasing demand for a more scientific preservation of organic forms of every possible species. Although this advancement was rapid, it was, nevertheless, nothing more than a natural outgrowth of the early art of taxidermy, and therefore no circumstance, such as any special taxidermical display or exhibit, can be cited as the hard and fast line standing between the development of the medieval and the modern schools.

For a dozen years, more or less, the lifelike preservation of animals has been in this transitional stage, but the advance is now both sure and swift, and it may safely be predicted that in the next generation science will add taxidermy to the roll of those pursuits of which the operations are based upon an exact knowledge of the materials employed.

The best representatives of the new school of taxidermists enter the field as skilled artisans. Possibly in some cases they may have received a university education and a full course in biology. In any event, to be successful they must possess a knowledge of the anatomy of animals, especially topographically. They must be familiar as possible with the habits of the creatures whose forms they intend to preserve and the nature of their normal surroundings; they must combine the abilities of the mechanic, the artist, the photographer, and the chemist.

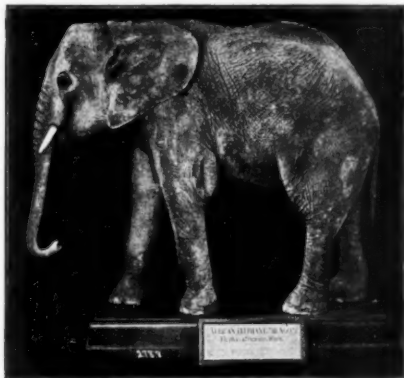
To these essentials must be added a certain artistic taste and an inventive skill in the use of some practically impromptu materials. Birds and mammals, for example, are now no longer simply "stuffed" as they used to be in former times, but their natural customs are closely studied, and then after the skin is removed the bodies are

likewise measured and casts are taken of them, from which "manikins" are usually made, to receive over them the preserved skin. By a complicated technique, the latter is brought to imitate exactly the living animal. After the skin has dried, whether it is subsequently placed under glass or not, its habitat or surroundings, by many ingenuities and inventive powers of the taxidermic artist, are made to resemble with the greatest accuracy, surroundings natural to the creature which it represents.

To gain the best ideas of the forms of animals, taxidermists now resort to the close study of the best drawings and paintings; to making of sketches from nature; and most important of all to constant photographing of the living animal in all possible attitudes and places. This applies to the study of both sexes, and their young at all stages; their nests or other places of living; to a close observance of any peculiar colorings in life, as of beaks, eyes, mouth parts, dermal appendages, feet, and so on. Superficial anatomy is given especial attention, particularly the forms of the first layer of muscles and other structures that go towards forming the topographical contour of the body after the skin has been carefully removed. Nature's laboratory has likewise been ransacked in order to obtain the materials wherewith to represent the normal surroundings of various animals in a state of nature. Fruits and leaves and similar "accessories" are now so cunningly copied that they deceive the sharpest of

eyes upon the closest of inspection. Snow, ice, icicles, water, both muddy and clear, swampy land, rock, lichens, and the like, are made in materials so durable that neither time nor climate has power to alter them.

For example, at the natural history museum at South Kensington, London, are some wonderful groups of birds. Not only are

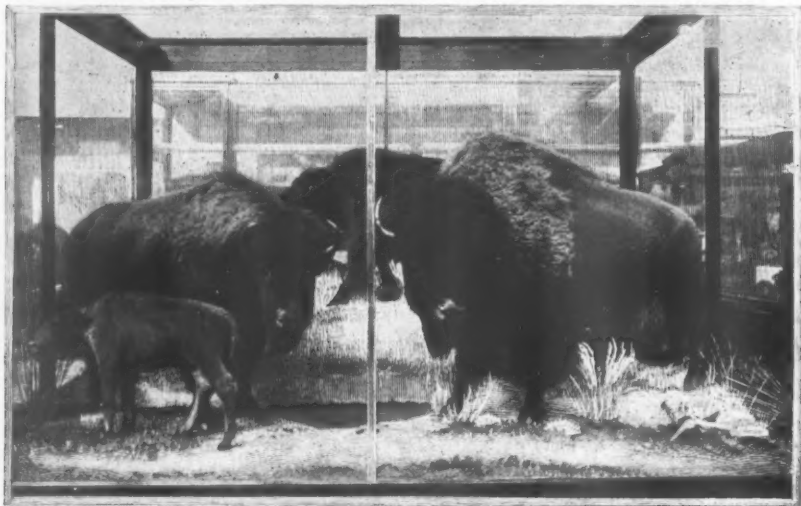


"MUNGO"—UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM.

the birds themselves mounted in the most faultless manner, but they are given attitudes of great ease and natural grace. Some are swimming in pools of limpid water, others may be in the act of flight, or else quietly sitting upon their eggs, while some are feeding their young or watching over their safety. To accomplish his ends in such undertakings, the enthusiast in taxidermy stops at nothing short of the most wonderful successes. Aeries of eagles and hawks are first photographed *in situ*; then the owners are captured and killed; the young or eggs taken; and, finally, the whole affair removed in detail to the hall of the museum where it is to be exhibited,

time when some of the most superb mammalian groups that have ever graced the halls of any modern museum in the world were being mounted. In the middle of the room a remarkably fine specimen of royal Bengal tiger is being modeled. (In the initial letter the head and fore parts of this ferocious carnivore are shown as they appeared after leaving the hands of the taxidermist.)

Large animals like this are simply models with the skin over them. A central frame is made of wood, and the limbs and other parts constructed of strong iron braces. This frame, made fast to a stand, is filled out with fine excelsior and wrapped with heavy twine. The bones

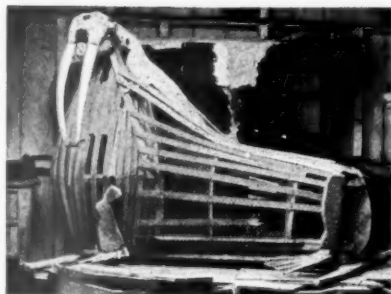


GROUP OF AMERICAN BUFFALO—UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM.

and by the aid of the photograph, reconstructed there again in the most natural manner possible. The illustrations here given may serve to convey to the mind of the reader some conception of the grandeur and naturalness of such groups as these when they are built up in the manner that has been indicated.

Four or five years ago the taxidermical workshops at the United States National Museum at Washington, were very actively engaged in producing work of this class; far more, be it said in sorrow, than they are at the present writing. The interior view of the workshop of that institution is illustrated at a

of the legs and the skull are the only ones used, and these are attached to the iron braces exactly imitating their position in life for the attitude of the animal. Next all the superficial elevations and depressions normally occurring on the head and body, and caused by the muscles, or fat, or osseous structures, are accurately modeled upon the excelsior of the manikin with moistened clay. The more delicate parts of the mouth and the like are completed with finely prepared papier-mâché, while the real tongue is actually skinned, poisoned, filled with clay, modeled upon a plastic leaden core, and colored. By the means of tinted wax,



"MANIKIN" FOR WALRUS.

the lips and gums are imitated, as well as the peculiar corrugations of the buccal cavity. Teeth are burnished and nostrils accurately modeled and preserved. Glass eyes are set naturally in their orbits, and the skin parts drawn about them so as to lend to the face the desired expression. English taxidermists are discarding the ordinary glass eye, and in its place are using hollow globes painted by hand, and this is done with such skill as to lend to the eye absolutely

the precise expression desired—as of rage, hunger, affection, or fear.

In restoring the face of a tiger, the untrained and non-artistic operator may, with the greatest ease, give a jovial expression to the animal as though it were about to break out into a silly laugh, or by manipulating the plastic parts in another way, give the features a melancholy cast, instead of accomplishing what he wished, and producing the savage aspect of defiance seen in illustration. To accomplish such results requires quite as much of the true artistic sense as does the production of the same effect upon canvas, indeed, we must believe the task is even more difficult, and if done as it

should be is even more enduring. In fact, a piece of work such as this Bengal tiger, should, and can, remain unchanged for an indefinite length of time. Protected from museum pests, and properly cared for in an equable climate, wood, iron, lead, clay, leather, and glass, to put it broadly, may last forever.

Some of the grandest triumphs of the art of taxidermy are in the mounting of hairless mammals. Here no mistakes whatever in superficial anatomy can escape the critic's eye; and what requires even more consummate skill is the imitation of the nature, texture, and color of the original skin of the animal prepared. The African elephant "Mungo," is an extraordinary success in such work, and there is a hairless Mexican terrier-dog in

the United States National Museum at Washington that is an even more marvelous accomplishment. Many have been deceived by its photograph, believing it to have been one taken of a living dog. Another ponderous hairless mammal that has been successfully



FITTING THE SKIN.

mounted is the walrus. Very bitter disputes have arisen growing out of the various conceptions entertained of the form of this huge marine mammal, by



ALMOST COMPLETED.





EAGLES' NEST AND YOUNG—BRITISH MUSEUM.

those who have had the rare opportunity of studying them in their natural haunts. It is believed, however, that the mounted specimen in the mammal hall of the United States National Museum is quite correct. This stupendous creature was prepared by methods precisely similar to those employed in preserving the tiger and the elephant. One illustration shows the frame of the manikin; another the taxidermists reproducing the various peculiarities of its external form; and finally we have the animal nearly completed, and ready to be placed upon the great mass of made-up rocks prepared for it. In nature the walrus has a light ochre-colored hide, with numerous and deep corrugations, transversely disposed over the entire neck and fore parts. On these corrugations or massive wrinkles, occur also numerous warty protuberances, and later, for a perfect imitation, these too will have to be reproduced.

Not satisfied with the mounting of single specimens of the largest mammals now in existence, the modern taxidermic artist applies himself to the production of groups, and complete success has crowned his efforts in many directions. Among the finest is the group of American buffalo in the collections of the United States National Museum at Washington. In this institution we also find groups of moose, musk oxen, prong-horn

antelope, seals, cayotes, and numerous others. In the case of the buffalo all the accessories are actually imported from the prairies, and the illusion carried out even to the reproduction of the very tracks about the "wallow," which are made in the soil, or its imitation, with the hoof of a dead buffalo.

Another instructive method of exhibiting the animal form is seen in the longitudinally-bisected, hollow, papier-mâché model of the whale, inclosing the skeleton of this great marine mammal. This admits of showing the relation of the skeleton to the external form of the animal, while upon the opposite side the appearance of the whale itself is portrayed. An admirable example of this class of work is also to be found in the mammal hall of the United States National Museum, and is here shown suspended over the cases.

In a number of these groups of animals, the specimens have been preserved in acts that they habitually perform in a state of nature. For example, the orang-outangs are fighting; a moose, in the great group of those animals, is "riding down" a young birch tree; a badger is bringing food to its young; and so on for a host of others. This method of grouping comes powerfully into play in the case of birds, and some of the most lifelike pieces imaginable have been produced by the



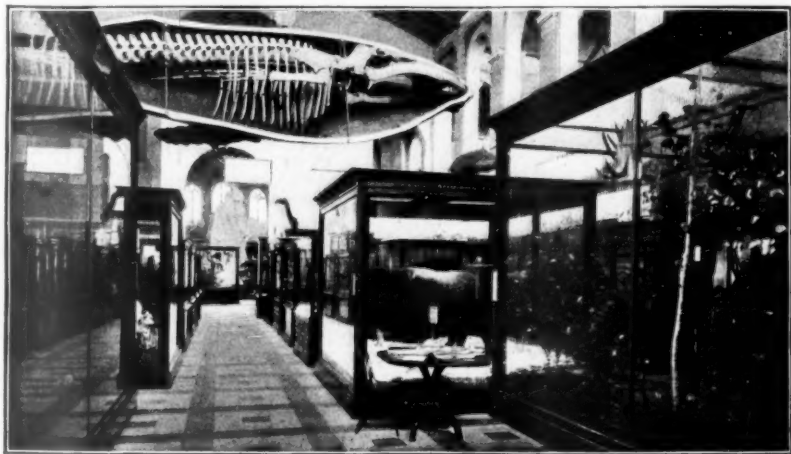
American school of taxidermic artists of the present time. Many of these are to be seen in the ornithological department of the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park, New York City, and still others in the government museums at Washington.

Formerly, such animals as fish and reptiles were "stuffed and varnished," but it is rare for the modern adept of the art to resort to such processes. Vertebrates of this class are now reproduced by various methods of casting, either in plaster-of-paris or some other of the plastic materials. These are then so accurately colored that they have all the actual appearance of real life. Specimens from the countless legion of existing invertebrates are copied in the same way, and with a fidelity to nature that is often most remarkable. Modern science has left but little unturned in such premises as these, and skilled artisans, equipped with every refinement known to various arts, now enter the field and turn out work that in former years was never so much as dreamed of. Nothing daunts such men, the enthusiasm of the scientist and the artist is proverbial, and oftentimes, be it said to our shame, it is only the lack of pecuniary means that prevents our building up in this country museums the like of which in beauty of scientific development the world has never seen.

If there be one thing in this line more than another needed at Washington, it is a

government museum devoted exclusively to zoölogy, and equipped with every needful appliance known to modern science, with a full corps of zoölogists and artisans to assist them. In the halls of such an institution, arranged in the most instructive manner possible, could be preserved the characteristic flora and fauna of various parts of the country.

It would be possible to imitate an Alaskan scene, introducing into it specimens of the various seals, musk oxen, walruses, polar bears, caribou, sea fowl, and others, with the characteristic flora of the region. Artist, modeler, taxidermist, photographer, each and all could do their part in building up such regional studies, and there is nothing to prevent their being made absolutely realistic. When acting in the capacity of judge at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, the writer saw much there indicating that the taxidermy of the future lay along such lines. Many of our large animals are being rapidly exterminated; much of the country is, with equal rapidity, being completely transformed. Both ought to be permanently preserved by the means here suggested. When one sees thousands upon thousands of people continually streaming through the government museums at Washington, he cannot but feel that a museum of the kind here proposed, must be, as a means of education to the people, of the greatest possible benefit.



## MRS. CLIFF'S YACHT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

### XIV.

#### THE VITTORIO FROM GENOA.

WHEN Captain Horn, on the Monterey, perceived that one of the vessels he had sighted was steaming northward with the apparent intention of meeting him, his anxieties greatly increased. He could think of no righteous reason why that vessel should come to meet him. He had made out that this vessel with the two others had been lying to. Why should it not wait for him if it wished to speak with him? The course of this stranger looked like mischief of some sort, and the captain could think of no other probable mischief than that which had been practised upon the Dunkery Beacon.

The steamer which he now commanded carried a treasure far more valuable than that which lay in the hold of the Dunkery, and if she had been a swifter vessel he would have turned and headed away for safety at the top of her speed. But he did not believe she could outsail the steamer which was now approaching, so safety by flight was not to be considered.

There was another reason which determined him not to change his course. The observers on the Monterey had now decided that the small vessel to the westward of the Dunkery Beacon was very like a yacht, and the captain thought that if there was to be trouble of any sort he would like to be as near Shirley and Burke as possible. Why that rapidly-approaching steamer should desire to board him, as the Dunkery Beacon had been boarded, he could not imagine, unless it was supposed that he carried part of the treasure; but he did not waste any time on conjectures. It was not likely that this steamer carried a cannon, and if she intended to attack the Monterey, it must be by boarding her; probably by the same stratagem which had been practised before.

But Captain Horn determined that no man upon any mission whatever should put his foot upon the deck of the Monterey if he could prevent it. Since he had taken on board Captain Hagar and his

men he had an extraordinarily large crew, and on the number of his men he depended for defense, for it was impossible to arm them as well as the attacking party would probably be armed,—if there should be an attacking party.

Captain Horn now went to Edna and told her of the approaching danger, and for the second time in his life he gave her a pistol and requested her to use it in any way she thought proper, if the need should come. He asked her to stay for the present in the cabin with her maid, promising to come to her again very shortly.

Then he called all the available men together, and addressed them very briefly. It was not necessary to tell the crew of the Dunkery Beacon what dangers might befall them if the pirates should come upon them a second time, and the men he had brought with him from Vera Cruz now knew all about the previous affair, and that it would probably be necessary for them to stand up boldly for their own defense. He told his men that the only thing to be done was to keep the fellows from that approaching steamer from boarding the Monterey whether they tried to do so by what might look like fair means or by open foul means.

All the firearms which could be collected were distributed around among those whom it was thought could best use them, while the rest of the men were armed with belaying-pins, handspikes, hatchets, axes, or anything with which a blow could be struck, and they were ranged along the bulwarks on each side of the ship from bow to stern.

The approaching steamer was now near enough for her name, Vittorio, to be read upon her bow. This and her build made the captain quite sure that she was from the Mediterranean, and without doubt one of the pirates of whom he had heard. He could see heads all along her rail, and he thought it possible that she might not care to practise any trick upon him, but might intend a bold and undisguised attack. She had made no signal, she carried no colors or flag of any kind, and he thought it not unlikely that when she should be near enough, she would begin

operations by a volley of rifle shots from her deck. To provide against this danger he made most of his men crouch down behind the bulwarks, and ordered all the others to be ready to screen themselves. A demand to lie to and a sharp fusillade might be enough to insure the immediate submission of an ordinary merchantman, but Captain Horn did not consider the Monterey a vessel of this sort.

He now ran down to Edna, and was met by her at the cabin door. She had had ideas very like his own. "I shouldn't wonder if they would fire upon us," she said, her face very pale, "and I want you to remember that you are most likely the tallest man on board. No matter what happens you must take care of yourself—you must never forget that!"

"I will take care of you," he said with his arms about her, "and I will not forget myself. And now keep close and watch sharply. I don't believe they can ever board us, we're too many for them!"

The instant the captain had gone Edna called Maka and Cheditafa, the two elderly negroes who were the devoted adherents of herself and her husband. "I want you to watch the captain all the time," she said; "if the people on that ship fire guns, you pull him back if he shows himself. If any one comes near him to harm him, use your hatchets; never let him out of your sight, follow him close, keep all danger from him."

The negroes answered in the African tongue, they were too much excited to use English, but she knew what they meant and trusted them. To Mok, the other negro, she gave no orders. Even now he could speak but little English, and he was in the party simply because her brother Ralph—whose servant Mok had been—had earnestly desired her to take care of him until he should want him again, for this coal-black and agile native of Africa was not a creature who could be left to take care of himself.

The Vittorio which was now not more than a quarter of a mile away, and which had slightly changed her course so that she was apparently intending to pass the Monterey and continue northward contented with an observation of the larger vessel, was a very dangerous pirate ship, far more so than the one which had captured the Dunkery Beacon. She was not

more dangerous because she was larger or swifter, or carried a more numerous or better armed crew, but for the reason that she had on board a certain Mr. Banker who had once belonged to a famous band of desperadoes, called the Rackbirds, well-known along the Pacific coast of South America. He had escaped destruction when the rest of his band were drowned in a raging torrent, and he had made himself extremely obnoxious and even dangerous to Mrs. Horn and to the captain when they were in Paris at a very critical time of their fortunes.

This ex-Rackbird, Banker, had had a very cloudy understanding of the state of affairs when he was endeavoring to blackmail Mrs. Horn, and making stupid charges against her husband. He knew that the three negroes he had met in Paris in the service of Mrs. Horn had once been his own slaves, held not by any right of law, but by brutal force, and he knew that the people with whom they were then traveling must have been in some way connected with his old comrades, the Rackbirds. He had made bold attempts to turn this scanty knowledge to his own benefit, but had mournfully failed.

In the course of time, however, he had come to know everything. The news of Captain Horn's great discovery of treasure on the coast of Peru had gone forth to the public, and Banker's soul had writhed in disappointed rage as he thought that he and his fellows had lived and rioted like fools for months, and months, and months, but a short distance from all these vast hoards of gold. This knowledge almost maddened him as he brooded over it by night and by day. When he had been set free from the French prison to which his knavery had consigned him, Banker gave himself up body and soul to the consideration of the treasure which Captain Horn had brought to France from Peru. He considered it from every possible point of view, and when at last he heard of the final disposition which it had been determined to make of the gold, he considered it from the point of his own cupidity and innate rascality.

He it was who devised the plan of sending out a swift steamer to overhaul the merchantman which was to carry the gold to Peru, and who, after consultation

with the many miscreants whom he was obliged to take into his confidence and to depend upon for assistance, decided that it would be well to fit out two ships so that if one should fail in her errand the other might succeed. The steamers from Genoa and Toulon were fitted out and manned under the direction of Banker, but with the one which sailed from Marseilles he had nothing to do. This expedition was organized by men who had quarreled with him and his associates, and it was through the dissension of the opposing parties in this intended piracy that the detectives came to know of it.

Banker had sailed from Genoa, but the Toulon vessel had got ahead of him. She had sighted the Dunkery Beacon before she reached Kingston; she had cruised in the Caribbean Sea until the other came sailing down toward Tobago Island; she had followed her out into the Atlantic, and when the proper time came she had captured her—hull, engine, gold, and everything which belonged to her, except her captain and her crew, and had steamed away with her.

Banker did not command the *Vittorio*, for he was not a seaman, but he commanded her captain, and through him everybody on board. He directed her course and her policy. He was her leading spirit and her blackest devil.

It had been no part of Banker's intentions to cruise about the South Atlantic and search for a steamer with black and white stripes running up and down her funnel. His plan of action was to be the same as that of the other pirate, and the *Vittorio* therefore steamed for Kingston as soon as she could manage to clear from Genoa. His calculations were very good ones, but there was a flaw in them, for he did not know that the Dunkery Beacon sailed three days before her regular time. Consequently, the *Vittorio* was the last of the four steamers which reached Jamaica on business connected with the Incas' treasure.

The *Vittorio* did not go into Kingston harbor, but Banker got himself put on shore and visited the town. There he not only discovered that the Dunkery Beacon had sailed, that an American yacht had sailed after her, but that a steamer from Vera Cruz, commanded by Captain Horn, now well-known as the

discoverer of the wonderful treasure, had touched here expecting to find the Dunkery Beacon in port, and had then, scarcely twelve hours before, cleared for Jamaica.

The American yacht was a mystery to Banker. It might be a pirate from the United States for all he knew, but he was very certain that Captain Horn had not left Kingston for any reason except to accompany and protect the Dunkery Beacon. If a steamer commanded by this man, whom Banker now hated more than he hated anybody else in the world, should fall in and keep company with the steamer which was conveying the treasure to Peru, it might be a very hard piece of work for him or his partner in command of the vessel from Toulon to get possession of that treasure no matter what means they might employ; but all Banker could do was to swear at his arch enemy and his bad luck, and to get away south with all speed possible. If he could do nothing he might hear of something. He would never give up until he was positive there was no chance for him.

So he took the course that the Dunkery Beacon must have taken, and sailed down the coast under full head of steam. When at last he had discovered the flag of his pirate consort hoisted over the steamer which carried the golden prize, and he had gone on board the Dunkery Beacon and had heard everything, his Satanic delight blazed high and wild. He cared nothing for the yacht which hung upon the heels of the captured steamer,—it would not be difficult to dispose of that vessel,—but his turbulent ecstasies were a little dampened by the discovery of a large steamer bearing down from the north. This he instantly suspected to be the *Monterey*, which must have taken a more westerly course than that which he had followed and which he had therefore passed without sighting.

The ex-Rackbird did not hesitate a moment as to what ought to be done. That everlastingly condemned meddler, Horn, must never be allowed to put his oar into this business. If he were not content with the gold which he had for himself he should curse the day that he had tried to keep other people from getting the gold that they wanted for themselves. No matter what had to be done he must never reach the Dunkery Beacon—he must

never know what had happened to her. Here was a piece of work for the *Vittorio* to attend to without the loss of a minute.

When Banker gave orders to head for the approaching steamer he immediately began to make ready for an attack upon her, and, as this was to be a battle between merchant ships, neither of them provided with any of the ordinary engines of naval warfare, his plan was of a straightforward, old-fashioned kind. He would run his ship alongside the other; he would make fast, and then his men, each one with a cutlass and a pistol, should swarm over the side of the larger vessel and cut down and fire until the beastly hounds were all dead or on their knees. If he caught sight of Captain Horn,—and he was sure he would recognize him, for such a fellow would be sure to push himself forward no matter what was going on,—he would take his business into his own hands. He would give no signal, no warning. If they wanted to know what he came for they would soon find out.

Before he left Genoa he had thought that it was possible that he might make this sort of an attack upon the *Dunkery Beacon*, and he had therefore provided for it. He had shipped a number of grappling-irons with long chains attached which were run through rung bolts on his deck. With these and other appliances for making fast to a vessel alongside, Banker was sure he could stick to an enemy or a prize as long as he wanted to lie by her.

Everything was now made ready for the proposed attack, and all along the starboard side of the *Vittorio* mattresses were hung in order to break the force of the shock when the two vessels should come together. Every man who could be spared was ordered on deck and fully armed. The men who were to make fast to the other steamer were posted in their proper places, and the rest of his miscreants were given the very simple orders to get on board the *Monterey* the best way they could and as soon as they could, and to cut down or shoot every man they met without asking questions or saying a word. Whether or not it would be necessary to dispose of all the crew which Captain Horn might have on board, Banker had not determined. But of one thing he was certain—he would leave no

one on board of her to work her to the nearest port and give news of what had happened. One mistake of that kind was enough to make, and his stupid partner, who had commanded the vessel from Toulon, had made it.

## XV.

### THE BATTLE OF THE MERCHANT SHIPS.

When the *Vittorio* showed that in veering away from the *Monterey* she had done so only in order to make a sweep around to the west, and when she had headed south, the mattresses lowered along her starboard side showed plainly to Captain Horn that she was about to attack him and how she was going to do it; his first thought was to embarrass her by reversing his course and steering this way and that, but he instantly dismissed this idea. The pirate vessel was smaller and faster than his own, and probably much more easily managed, and apart from the danger of a collision fatal to his ship, he would only protract the conflict by trying to elude her. He was so sure that he had men enough to beat down the scoundrels when they tried to board that he thought the quicker the fight began the better. If he had had Shirley and Burke with him he would have been better satisfied; but although they were not here he had Edna to fight for, and that made three men of himself.

With most of his men crouching behind his port bulwarks, and others defended by deck-houses, smoke-stack, and any other available protection against gun shots, Captain Horn awaited the coming of the pirate steamer, which was now steaming toward him as if it intended to run him down. As she came near the *Vittorio* slowed up and the *Monterey* veered to starboard; but notwithstanding this precaution and the fact that they sailed side by side for nearly a minute without touching, the two vessels came together with such force that the *Monterey*, high out of water, rolled over as if a great wave had struck her. As she rolled back grappling-irons were thrown over her rail, and cables and lines were made fast to every available place which could be reached by eager hands and active arms. Some of the grappling-irons were



immediately thrown off by the crew of the Monterey, but the chains of others had been so tightened as the vessel rolled back to an even keel that it was impossible to move them.

The Monterey's rail was considerably higher than that of the Vittorio, and as none of the crew of the former vessel had shown themselves, no shots had yet been fired; but with the activity of apes the pirates tried to scramble over the side of the larger vessel. Now followed a furious hand to hand combat. Blows rained down on the heads and shoulders of the assailants, some of whom dropped back to the deck of their ship, while others drew their pistols and fired right and left at the heads and arms they saw over the rail of the Monterey.

The pirate leaders were amazed at the resistance they met with. They had not imagined that Captain Horn had so large a crew, or that it was a crew which would fight. But these pirates had their blood up, and not one of them had any thought of giving up their enterprise on account of this unexpected resistance. Dozens of them at a time sprang upon the rail of their own vessel, and with cutlass or pistol in one hand, endeavored to scramble up the side of the Monterey, but, although the few who succeeded in crossing her bulwarks soon fell beneath the blows and shots of her crew, the attack was vigorously kept up, especially by pistol shots.

Whenever there was a chance a pirate hand would be raised above the rail of the Monterey and a revolver discharged upon her rail, and every few minutes there would be a rush to one point or another and a desperate fight upon the rail. The engines of both vessels had been stopped, and the screaming and roaring of the escaping steam gave additional horror to this fearful battle. Not a word could be heard from any one no matter how loudly it might be shouted.

Whatever firearms were possessed by the men on the Monterey were used with good effect, but in this respect they were vastly inferior to the enemy. When they had fired their pistols and their guns some of them had no more ammunition, and others had no opportunity to reload. The men of the Vittorio had firearms in abundance and pockets full of cartridges.

Consequently it was not long before Captain Horn's men were obliged to rely upon their hatchets, their handspikes, their belaying-pins, and their numbers. Banker was in a very furious state of mind. He had expected to board the Monterey without opposition, and now he had been fighting long and hard, and not a man of his crew was on board the other vessel. He had soon discovered that there were a great many men on board the Monterey, but he believed that the real reason for the so far successful resistance was the fact that Captain Horn commanded them.

Several times he mounted the upper deck of the Vittorio, and with a rifle in hand endeavored to get a chance to aim at the tall figure of which he now and then caught sight, and who he saw was directing everything that was going on. But every time he stood out with his rifle a pistol ball whizzed by him, and made him jump back. Whoever fired at him was not a good shot, but Banker did not wish to expose himself to any kind of a shot. Once he got a chance of taking aim at the captain from behind the smoke-stack, but at that moment the captain stepped back hurriedly out of view as if somebody had been pulling him by the coat, and a ball rang against the funnel high above his head. It was plain he was watched and should not expose himself.

But that devil Horn must be killed, and he swore between his grinding teeth that he himself would do it. His men, many of them with bloody heads, were still fighting, swearing, climbing, and firing. None of them had been killed except those who had gained the deck of the other vessel; but Banker did not believe that they would be able to board the Monterey until its captain had been disposed of. If he could put a ball into that fellow the fight would be over.

Banker now determined to lead a fresh attack instead of simply ordering one. If he could call to his men from the deck of the Monterey they would follow him. The Vittorio lay so that her bow was somewhat forward of that of the Monterey, and as the rails at the bows of the two vessels were some distance apart there was no fighting forward. The long boom of the foremast of the Vittorio stretched over her upper deck, and, crouching low, Banker cut all the lines



which secured it. Then with a quick run he seized the long spar near its outer end, and thus swinging it out until it struck the shrouds, he found himself hanging over the forward deck of the Monterey upon which he quickly dropped.

It so happened that the fight was now raging aft, and for a moment Banker stood alone looking about him. He believed his rapid transit through the air had not been noticed. He would not call upon his men to follow as he had intended. Without much fear of detection he would slip quietly behind the crew of the Monterey, and take a shot at Captain Horn the moment he laid eyes on him. Then he could shout out to his men to some purpose.

Banker moved on a few steps, not too cautiously for he did not wish to provoke suspicion, when suddenly a hand was placed upon his chest. There was nobody in front of him, but there was the hand, and a very big one it was, and very black. Like a flash Banker turned and beheld himself face to face with the man Mok, the same chimpanzee-like negro who had been his slave, and with whom in the street of Paris he had once had a terrible struggle which had resulted in his capture by the police and his imprisonment. Here was that same black devil again, his arms about him as if they had been chain cables on a windlass.

Banker had two pistols, but he had put them in his pockets when he made his swing upon the boom, and he had not yet drawn them, and now his arms were held so tightly to his sides that he could not get at his weapons. There was no one near. Banker was wise enough not to call out or even to swear an oath, and Mok had apparently relapsed into the condition of the speechless savage beast. With a wrench which might have torn an ordinary limb from its socket, Banker freed his left arm, but a black hand had grasped it before it could reach his pistol.

Then there was a struggle—quick, hard, silent, and furious, as if two great cobras were writhing together seeking each other's death. Mok was not armed, Banker could not use knife or pistol. They stumbled, they went down on their knees, they rose and fell together against the rail. Instantly Banker, with his left arm and the strength of his whole

body, raised the negro to the rail and pushed him outward. The action was so sudden, the effort of the maddened pirate was so great that Mok could not resist it, he went over the side. But his hold upon Banker did not relax even in the moment when he felt himself falling, and his weight was so great and the impetus was so tremendous that Banker could not hold back, and followed him over the rail. Still clutching each other tightly the two disappeared with a splash into the sea.

Fears were beginning to steal into the valiant heart of Captain Horn. The pirates were so well armed, they kept up such a savage fire upon his decks, that although their shots were sent at random several men had been killed and others—he knew not how many—wounded, that he feared his crew, ordinary sailors and not accustomed to such savage work as this, might consider the contest too unequal, and so lose heart. If that should be the case, the affair would be finished.

But there was still one means of defense on which he thought he might rely to drive off the scoundrels. The Monterey had been a cotton ship, and she was provided with hose by which steam could be thrown upon her cargo in case of fire, and Captain Hagar had undertaken to try to get this into condition to use upon the scoundrels who were endeavoring to board the vessel. By this time two heavy lines of hose had been rigged and attached to the boiler, and the other ends brought out on deck—one forward and the other amidships.

Captain Hagar was a quiet man, and in no way a fighter, but now he seemed imbued with a reckless courage, and without thinking of the danger of exposing himself to pistol or to rifle, he laid the nozzle of his hose over the rail and directed it down upon the deck below. As soon as the hot steam began to pour upon the astonished pirates there were yells and execrations, and when another scalding jet came in upon them over the forward bulwarks of the Monterey, the confusion became greater on the pirate ship.

It was at this moment, as Edna, her face pale and her bright eyes fixed upon the upper deck of the Vittorio, stood with a revolver in her hand at the window of her cabin, which was on deck, that her Swedish maid, trembling so much that



*Drawn by E. W. Kemble.*

BANKER IS FOILED AGAIN.

she could scarcely stand, approached her and gave her notice that she must quit her service. Edna did not hear what she said. "Are you there?" she cried. "Look out,—tell me if you can see Captain Horn?"

The frightened girl, scarcely knowing what she did, rushed from the cabin to look for Captain Horn, not so much because her mistress wanted information of him as because she thought to throw her-

self upon his protection. She believed that the captain could do anything for anybody, and she ran madly along the deck on the other side from that on which the battle was raging, and meeting no one, did not stop until she had nearly reached the bow. Then she stopped, looked about her, and in a moment was startled by hearing herself called by her name. There was no one near her, she looked up, she looked around.

Then again she heard her name, "Sophee! Sophee!" Now it seemed to come from the water, and looking over the low rail she beheld a black head on the surface of the sea. Its owner was swimming about endeavoring to find something on which he could lay hold and he had seen the white cap of the maid above the ship's side. Sophia and Mok were good friends, for the latter had always been glad to wait upon her in every way possible, and now she forgot her danger in her solicitude for the poor black man.

"O, Mok! Mok!" she cried, "can't you get out of the water? Can I help you?"

Mok shouted out one of his few English words, "Rope! rope!" he said. But Sophia could see no rope except those which were fast to something, and in her terror she ran aft to call for assistance.

There was not now so much noise and din. The steam was not escaping from the boilers of the Monterey, for it was needed for the hose, and there were no more shots fired from the Vittorio. The officers of the pirate ship were running here and there looking for Banker that they might ask for orders, while the men were crowding together behind every possible protection, and rushing below to escape the terrible streams of scalding steam.

Now that they could work in safety, the Monterey's men got their handspikes under the grappling-irons and wrenched them from their holes, and leaning over the side they cut the ropes which held them to the pirate ship. The two vessels now swung apart, and Captain Horn was on the point of giving orders to start the engines and steam ahead when the maid, Sophia, seized him by the arm. "Mrs. Horn wants you," she said, "and Mok's in the water!"

"Mok!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes, here! here!" cried Sophia, and running to the side she pointed to where Mok's black head and waving arms were still circling about on the surface of the sea.

When a rope had been cast to Mok and he had been hauled up the side, the captain gave orders to start ahead, and rushed to the cabin where he had left Edna; but it was not during that brief interval of thankfulness that he heard how she had recognized the Rackbird, Banker, on the pirate ship, and how she had fired at him every time he had shown himself.

The Monterey started southward toward the point where they had last seen the yacht and the Dunkery Beacon, and the pirate ship, veering off to the southeast, steamed slowly away. The people on board of her were looking everywhere for Banker, for without him they knew not what they ought to do; but if their leader ever came up from the great depth to which he had sunk with Mok's black hands upon his throat, his comrades were not near the spot where, dead or alive, he floated to the surface.

#### XVI.

"SHE BACKED."

When Captain Burke observed the Dunkery Beacon steaming in his direction, and soon afterwards perceived a signal on this steamer to the effect that she wished to speak with the yacht, he began to hope that he was going to get out of his difficulties. The natural surmise was that as one of the pirates had gone to join another just arriving upon the scene, the Dunkery Beacon—the captain and crew of which must have turned traitors—was now coming to propose some arrangement, probably to give up Shirley, if the yacht would

agree to go its way and cease its harassing interference.

If this proposition should be made, Burke and Mrs. Cliff, in conference, decided to accept it. They had done all they could, and would return to Kingston to report to Captain Horn what they had done and what they had discovered. But it was not long before the people on the yacht began to wonder very much at the conduct of the great steamer which was now rapidly approaching them, apparently under full head of steam.

The yacht was lying to, her engines motionless, and the Dunkery Beacon was coming ahead like a furious ram, on a course, which, if not quickly changed, would cause her to strike the smaller vessel almost amidships. It became plainer and plainer every second that the Dunkery did not intend to change her course, and that her object was to run down the yacht.

Why the Dunkery Beacon should wish to ram the Summer Shelter nobody on board the yacht considered for a moment, but every one, even Willy Croup, perceived the immediate necessity of getting out of the way. Burke sprang to the wheel, and began to roar his orders in every direction. His object was to put the yacht around so that he could get out of the course of the Dunkery Beacon and pass her in the opposite direction to which she was going; but nobody on board seemed to be sufficiently alive to the threatening situation, or to be alert enough to do what was ordered at the very instant of command, and Burke, excited to the highest pitch, began to swear after a fashion entirely unknown to the two ladies and members of the synod. His cursing and swearing was of such a cyclonic and all-pervading character that some of those on board shuddered almost as much on account of his language as for fear of the terrible crash which was impending.

"This is dreadful!" said one of the clergymen, advancing as if he would mount to the pilot-house.

"Stop!" said Mr. Arbuckle, excitedly placing his hand upon the shoulder of the other. "Don't interfere at such a moment. The ship must be managed."

In a very short time, although it seemed like long weary minutes to the people on the yacht, her engines moved, her screw revolved, and she slowly moved around

to leeward. If she could have done this half a minute sooner she would have steamed out of the course of the Dunkery Beacon so that that vessel must have passed her, but she did not do it soon enough. The large steamer came on at what seemed amazing speed, and would have struck the yacht a little abaft the bow had not Burke, seeing that a collision could not be avoided, slowly reversed his helm. Almost in the next second the two vessels came together, but it was the stem of the yacht which struck the larger steamer abaft the bow.

The shock to the Summer Shelter was terrific, and having but little headway at the moment of collision, she was driven backward by the tremendous momentum of the larger vessel as if she had been a ball struck by a bat. Every person on board was thrown down and hurled forward. Mrs. Cliff extended herself flat upon the deck, her arms outspread, and every clergyman was stretched out at full length or curled up against some obstacle. The engineer had been thrown among his levers and cranks, bruising himself badly about the head and shoulders, while his assistant and Mr. Hodgson, who were at work below, were jammed among the ashes of the furnace as if they were trying to stop the draught with their bodies.

Mr. Burdette was on the forward deck, and if he had not tripped and fallen, would probably have been shot overboard; while the sailing-master was thrown against the smoke-stack with such force that for a few moments he was insensible.

Burke, who was at the wheel, saw what was coming and tried to brace himself so that he should not be impaled upon one of the handles, but the shock was too much for him and he pitched forward with such force that he came near going over the wheel and out of the window of the pilot-house. As soon as Captain Burke could recover himself he scrambled back to his position behind the wheel. He had been dazed and bruised, but his senses quickly came to him and he comprehended the present condition of affairs.

The yacht had not only been forced violently backward, but had been veered around so that it now lay with its broadside toward the bow of the other steamer. In some way, either unwittingly by the engineer, or by the violence of the shock,

her engine had been stopped and she was without motion, except the slight pitching and rolling occasioned by the collision. The Dunkery Beacon was not far away, and Burke saw to his horror that she was again moving forward. She was coming slowly, but if she reached the yacht in the latter's present position she would have weight and force enough to roll over the smaller vessel.

Immediately Burke attempted to give the order to back the yacht. The instant performance of this order was the only chance of safety. He violently pressed the buttons of the bells communicating with the engine-room, but they did not work. The shock must have disturbed the electrical connections, and when he tried to call down through the speaking-tube he found that he had been thrown against it with such violence that he had jammed it and made it useless. He leaned out of the door of the pilot-house and called downward to the engineer to back her; he yelled to somebody to tell the engineer to back her; he shouted until his shouts became screams, but nobody obeyed his orders, no one seemed to hear or to heed. But one person did hear.

Willy Croup had been impelled out of the door of the saloon and had slid forward on her knees and elbows until she was nearly under the pilot-house. At the sound of Burke's voice, she looked up, she comprehended that orders were being given to which no attention was paid. The wild excitement of the shouting captain filled her with an excitement quite as wild. She heard the name of the engineer, she heard the order, and without taking time to rise to her feet, she made a bound in the direction of the engine-room.

Thrusting her body half through the doorway she yelled to the engineer, who, scarcely conscious of where he was or what he was doing, was pushing himself away from among his bars and rods. "Back her!" screamed Willy, and without knowing what she said or did, she repeated this order over and over again in a roaring voice which no one would have supposed her capable of, and accompanied it by all the oaths which at that moment were being hurled down from the pilot-house.

The engineer did not look up, he did not consider himself nor the situation.

There was but one impression upon his mind made by the electric flash of the order backed by the following crash of oaths. Instinctively he seized his lever, reversed the engine, and started the Summer Shelter backward. Slowly, very slowly she moved. Burke held his breath. There were other men who had risen to their feet, and these were also pale and breathless.

But the great steamer was coming on slowly. Her motion was increasing, but so was that of the yacht, and when, after some moments of almost paralyzing terror, during which Willy Croup continued to hurl her furious orders into the engine-room, not knowing they had been obeyed, the two vessels drew near each other, the Dunkery Beacon crossed the bow of the Summer Shelter a very long biscuit-toss ahead.

"Miss Croup," said Mr. Litchfield, his hand upon her shoulder, "that will do! The yacht is out of immediate danger."

Willy started up. Her wild eyes were raised to the face of the young clergyman, the roar of her own invectives sounded in her ears. Tears poured from her eyes.

"Mercy on me, Mr. Litchfield," she exclaimed, "what have I been saying?"

"Never mind now, Miss Croup," said he. "Don't think of what you said. She backed."

## XVII.

### A HEAD ON THE WATER.

With her engines in motion and her wheel in the hands of Captain Burke, the Summer Shelter was in no danger of being run into by the Dunkery Beacon, for she was much the more easily managed vessel.

As soon as they had recovered a moderate command of their senses, Burdette and Portman hurried below to find out what damage had been sustained by the yacht; but although she must have been greatly strained and might be leaking through some open seams, the tough keelson of the well-built vessel, running her length like a stiff backbone, had received and distributed the shock, and although her bowsprit was shattered to pieces and her cutwater splintered, her sides were apparently uninjured. Fur-

niture, baggage, coils of rope, and everything movable had been pitched forward and heaped in disordered piles all over the vessel. A great part of the china had been broken. Books, papers, and ornaments littered the floors, and even the coal was heaped up in the forward part of the bunks.

Burke gave the wheel to Burdette and came down, when Mrs. Cliff immediately rushed to him. She was not hurt, but had been dreadfully shaken in body and in mind. "Oh, what are we going to do?" she cried. "They are wretched murderers! Will they keep on trying to sink us? Can't we get away?"

"We can get away whenever we please," said Burke, his voice husky and cracked. "If it wasn't for Shirley, I'd sail out of their sight in half an hour."

"But we can't sail away and leave Mr. Shirley," said she. "We can't go away and leave him!"

But little effort was made to get anything into order. Bruised heads and shoulders were rubbed a little, and all on board seemed trying to get themselves ready for whatever would happen next. Burke, followed by Portman, ran to the cases containing the rifles, and taking them out they distributed them, giving one to every man on board. Some of the clergymen objected to receive them, and expostulated earnestly and even piteously against connecting themselves with any bloodshed. "Cannot we leave this scene of contention?" some of them said. "Not with Shirley on that steamer," said Burke, and to this there was no reply.

Burke had no definite reason for thus arming his crew, but with such an enemy as the Dunkery Beacon had proved herself to be, lying so short a distance away; two other vessels, probably pirates in the vicinity, and the strong bond of Shirley's detention holding the yacht where she was, he felt that he should prepare for every possible emergency. But what to do he did not know. It would be of no use to hail the Dunkery and demand Shirley. He had done that over and over again before that vessel had proved herself an open enemy. He stood with brow contracted, rifle in hand, and his eyes fixed on the big steamer ahead. The two other vessels he did not now consider for they were still some miles away.



Willy Croup was sitting on the floor of the saloon, sobbing and groaning, and Mrs. Cliff did not know what in the world was the matter with her. But Mr. Litchfield knew, and he knew also that it would be of no use to try to comfort her with any ordinary words of consolation. He was certain that she had not understood anything that she had said, not even perhaps, the order to back the yacht, but the assertion of this would have made but little impression upon her agitated mind. But a thought struck him, and he hurried to Burke and told him quickly what had happened. Burke listened, and could not even now restrain a smile. "It's just like that dear Willy Croup," said he; "she's an angel!"

"Will you be willing," said Mr. Litchfield, "to come and tell her that your orders could not have been forcibly and quickly enough impressed upon the engineer's mind in any other way?"

Without answering, Burke ran to where Willy was still groaning. "Miss Croup," he exclaimed, "we owe our lives to you! If you hadn't sworn at the engineer he never would have backed her in time, and we would all have been at the bottom of the sea!"

Mrs. Cliff looked aghast, and Willy sprang to her feet. "Do you mean that, Mr. Burke?" she cried.

"Yes," said he, "in such desperate danger you had to do it. It's like a crack on the back when you're choking. You were the only person able to repeat my orders, and you were bound to do it!"

"Yes," said Mr. Litchfield, "and you saved the ship!"

Willy looked at him a few moments in silence, then wiping her eyes she said: "Well, you know more about managing a ship than I do, and I hope and trust I'll never be called upon to back one again!"

Burke and most of the other men now gathered on deck watching the Dunkery Beacon. She was still lying to, blowing off steam, and there seemed to be a good

deal of confusion on her deck. Suddenly Burke saw a black object in the water near her starboard quarter. Gazing at it intently his eyes began to glisten. In a few moments he exclaimed, "Look there! It's Shirley! He's swimming to the yacht!"

Now everybody on deck was straining their eyes over the water, and Mrs. Cliff and Willy, who had heard Burke cry, stood with the others. "Is it Shirley, really?" exclaimed Mrs. Cliff. "Are you sure that's his head in the water?"

"Yes," replied Burke, "there's no



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

WILLY EXHORTS THE ENGINEER.

mistake about it! He's taking his last chance and has slipped over the rail without anybody knowing it."

"And can he swim so far?" gasped Willy.

"Oh, he can do that," answered Burke. "I'd steam up closer if I wasn't afraid of attracting attention. If they'd get sight of him they'd fire at him; but he can do it if he's let alone!"

Not a word was now said. Scarcely a breath seemed to come or go. Everybody was gazing steadfastly and rigidly at the swimmer who with steady, power-



ful strokes was making a straight line over the gently rolling waves toward the yacht. Although they did not so express it to themselves, the coming of that swimmer meant everything to the pale expectant people on the Summer Shelter. If he should reach them not only would he be saved, but they could steam away to peace and safety.

On swam Shirley evenly and steadily until he had nearly passed half the distance between the two vessels, when suddenly a knot of men were seen looking over the rail of the Dunkery. Then there was a commotion. Then a man was seen standing up high, a gun in his hand. Willy uttered a stifled scream, and Mrs. Cliff seized her companion by the arm with such force that her nails nearly entered the flesh, and almost in the same instant there rang out from the yacht the report of eight rifles.

Every man had fired at the fellow with the gun, even Burdette in the pilot-house. Some of the balls had gone high up into the rigging, and some had rattled against the hull of the steamer, but the man with the gun disappeared in a flash. Whether he had been hit or frightened nobody knew. Shirley, startled at this tremendous volley, turned a quick backward glance and then dived, but soon reappeared again striking out as before for the yacht.

"Now, then," shouted Burke, "keep your eyes on the rail of that steamer! If a man shows his head, fire at it!"

If this action had been necessary very few of the rifles in the hands of the members of the late synod would have been fired, for most of them did not know how to recharge their weapons. But there was no need even for Burke to draw a bead on a pirate head, for now not a man could be seen on the Dunkery Beacon. They had evidently been so surprised and astounded by a volley of rifle shots from this pleasure yacht which they had supposed to be as harmless as a floating log, that every man on deck had crouched behind the bulwarks.

Now Burke gave orders to steam slowly forward, and for everybody to keep covered as much as possible; and when in a few minutes the yacht's engine stopped and Shirley swam slowly around her stern, there was a rush to the other side

of the deck, a life-preserver was dropped to the swimmer, steps were let down, and the next minute Shirley was on deck, Burke's strong arm fairly lifting him in over the rail. In a few moments the deck of the yacht was the scene of wild and excited welcome and delight. Each person on board felt as if a brother had suddenly been snatched from fearful danger and returned to their midst.

"I can't tell you anything now," said Shirley. "Give me a dram, and let me get on some dry clothes! And now all of you go and attend to what you've got to do. Don't bother about that steamer—she'll go down in half an hour! She's got a big hole stove in her bow!"

With a cry of surprise Burke turned and looked out at the Dunkery Beacon. Even now she had keeled over to starboard so much that her deck was visible, and her head was already lower than her stern. "She'll sink," he cried, "with all that gold on board!"

"Yes," said Shirley, turning with a weak smile as he made his way to the cabin accompanied by Mr. Hodgson, "she'll go down with every bar of it!"

There was great commotion now on the Dunkery Beacon. It was plain that the people on board of her had discovered that it was of no use to try to save the vessel, and they were lowering her boats. Burke and his companions stood and watched for some minutes. "What shall we do!" exclaimed Mr. Arbuckle, approaching Burke. "Can we offer those unfortunate wretches any assistance?"

"All we can do," said Burke, "is to keep out of their way. I wouldn't trust one of them within pistol shot."

Now Shirley reappeared on deck,—he had had his dram, and had changed his clothes. "You're right," said he, "they're a set of pirates—every man of them! If we should take them on board they'd cut all our throats. They've got boats enough, and the other pirates can pick them up. Keep her off, Burke, that's what I say!"

There was no time now for explanations or for any story to be told, and Burke gave orders that the yacht should be kept away from the sinking steamer and her boats. Suddenly Burdette from the pilot-house sung out that there was a steamer astern, and the eyes which had

been so steadfastly fixed upon the Dunkery Beacon now turned in that direction. There they saw less than a mile away a large steamer coming down from the north.

Burke's impulse was to give orders to go ahead at full speed, but he hesitated and raised his glass to his eye. Then in a few moments he put down his glass, turned around, and shouted, "That's the Monterey! The Monterey, and Captain Horn!"

#### XVIII.

11° 30' 19" N. LAT. BY 56° 10' 49" W. LONG.

The announcement of the approach of Captain Horn created a sensation upon the Summer Shelter almost equal to that occasioned by any of the extraordinary incidents which had occurred upon that vessel. Burke and Shirley were wild with delight at the idea of meeting their old friend and commander. Willy Croup had never seen Captain Horn, but she had heard so much about him that she considered him in her mind as being of the nature of a heathen deity who rained gold upon those of whom he approved, and utterly annihilated the unfortunates who incurred his displeasure.

As for Mrs. Cliff her delight in the thought of meeting Captain Horn, great as it was, was overshadowed by her almost frantic desire to clasp once more in her arms her dear friend Edna. The clergymen had heard everything that the Summer Shelter people could tell them about Captain Horn and his exploits, and each man of them was anxious to look into the face and shake the hand of the brave sailor whom they had learned to look upon as a hero, and one or two of them thought that it might be proper, under the circumstances, to resume their clerical attire before the interview. But this proposition when mentioned was discountenanced. They were here as sailors to work the yacht, and they ought not to be ashamed to look like sailors. The yacht was now put about and got under headway, and slowly moved in the direction of the approaching steamer.

When Captain Horn had finished the fight in which he was engaged with the *Vittorio*, and had steamed down in the

direction of the two other vessels in the vicinity, it was not long before he discovered that one of them was an American yacht. Why it and the Dunkery Beacon should be lying there together, he could not even imagine; but he was quite sure that this must be the vessel owned by Mrs. Cliff, and commanded by his old shipmate Burke.

When at last the Monterey and the Summer Shelter were lying side by side within hailing distance, and Captain Horn had heard the stentorian voice of Burke roaring through his trumpet, he determined that he and Edna would go on board the yacht, for there were dead men and wounded men on his own vessel, and the condition of his deck was not such as he would wish to be seen by Mrs. Cliff and whatever ladies might be with her.

When Captain Horn and his wife, with Captain Hagar, rowed by four men, reached the side of the Summer Shelter, they were received with greater honor and joy than had ever been accorded to an admiral and his suite. The meeting of the five friends was as full of excited affection as if they were not now standing in the midst of strange circumstances, and, perhaps, many dangers which none of them thoroughly understood.

Captain Horn seized the first opportunity which came to him to ask the question: "What's the matter with your yacht? You seem to have had a smash-up forward."

"Yes," said Burke, "there's been a collision. Those beastly hounds tried to run us down; but we caught her squarely on her bow."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a shout from Captain Hagar, who had taken notice of nobody on the yacht, but stood looking over the water at his old ship. "What's the matter," he cried, "with the Dunkery Beacon? Has she sprung a leak? Are those the pirates still on board?"

Captain Horn and the others quickly joined him. "Sprung a leak!" cried Shirley. "She's got a hole in her bow as big as a barrel. I've been on board of her, but I can't tell you about that now! There's no use to think of doing anything. Those are bloody pirates that are lowering the boats, and we can't go near them. Besides, you can see for

yourself that that steamer is settling down by the head as fast as she can."

Captain Horn was now almost as much excited as the unfortunate commander of the Dunkery Beacon. "Where's that gold?" he cried. "Where is it stowed?"

"It is in the forward hold with a lot of cargo on top of it!" groaned Captain Hagar.

Shirley now spoke again. "Don't think about the gold," he said. "I kept my eyes open and my ears sharpened when I was on board, and although I didn't understand all their lingo, I knew what they were at. When they found there was no use pumping or trying to stop the leak, they tried to get at that gold, but they couldn't do it. The water was coming in right there, and the men would not rig up the tackle to move the cargo. They were all wild when I left."

Captain Horn said no more, but stood with the others, gazing at the Dunkery Beacon; but Captain Hagar beat his hands upon the rail and declared over and over again that he would rather never have seen the ship again than to see her sink there before his eyes with all that treasure on board. The yacht lay near enough to the Dunkery Beacon for Captain Hagar to see plainly what was going on on his old ship without the aid of a glass. With eyes glaring madly over the water, he stood leaning upon the rail, his face pale, and his whole form shaking as if he had a chill. Every one on the deck of the yacht gathered around him, but no one said anything. This was no time for asking questions or making explanations.

The men on the Dunkery Beacon were hurrying to leave the vessel. One of the starboard boats was already in the water with too many men in her. The vessel had keeled over so much that there seemed to be difficulty in lowering the boats on the port side. Everybody seemed rushing to starboard, and two other boats were swinging out on their davits. Every time the bow of the steamer rose and fell upon the swell it seemed to go down a little more and up a little less, and the deck was slanted so much that the men appeared to slide down to the starboard bulwarks.

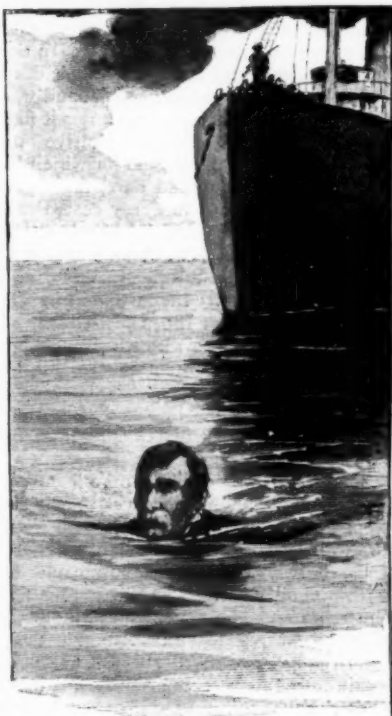
Now the first boat pushed off from the sinking ship, and the two others, both

crowded, were soon pulling after her. It was not difficult to divine their intentions. The three boats headed immediately for the northeast, where, less than two miles away, the Vittorio could be plainly seen.

At this moment Captain Hagar gave a yell; he sprang back from the rail, and his eyes fell upon a rifle which had been laid upon a bench by one of the clergymen. He seized it and raised it to his shoulder, but in an instant Captain Horn took hold of it, pointing it upward. "What are you going to do?" he said. "Captain, you don't mean to fire at them?"

"Of course I mean it!" cried Captain Hagar. "We've got them in a bunch. We must follow them up and shoot them down like rats!"

"We'll get up steam and run them down!" shouted Burke. "We ought to sink them, one boat after another, the rascally pirates! They tried to sink us!"



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

SHIRLEY'S ESCAPE.

"No, no," said Captain Horn, taking the gun from Captain Hagar, "we can't do that. That's a little too cold-blooded. If they attack us we'll fight them, but we can't take capital punishment into our own hands."

Now the excited thoughts of Captain Hagar took another turn. "Lower a boat! Lower a boat!" he cried. "Let me be pulled to the Dunkery! Everything I own is on that ship—the pirates wouldn't let me take anything away. Lower a boat! I can get into my cabin!"

Shirley now stepped to the other side of Captain Hagar. "It's no use to think of that, captain," he said. "It would be regular suicide to go on board that vessel. Those fellows were afraid to stay another minute. She'll go down before you know it. Look at her bows now!"

Captain Hagar said no more, and the little company on the deck of the yacht stood pale and silent, gazing out over the water at the Dunkery Beacon. Willy Croup was crying, and there were tears in the eyes of Mrs. Cliff and Edna. In the heart of the latter there was deep, deep pain, for she knew what her husband was feeling at that moment. She knew it had been the high aim of his sensitive and honorable soul that the gold for which he had labored so hard and dared so much should safely reach, in every case, those to whom it had been legally adjudged. If it should fail to reach them, where was the good of all that toil and suffering? He had in a measure taken upon himself the responsibility of the safe delivery of that treasure, and now here he was standing, and there was the treasure sinking before his eyes. As she stood close by him, Edna seized her husband's hand and pressed it. He returned the pressure, but no word was said.

Now the Dunkery Beacon rolled more heavily than she had done yet, and as she went down in the swell it seemed as if the water might almost flow over her forward bulwarks, and her bow came up with difficulty as if it were sticking fast in the water. Her masts and funnel were slanting far over to starboard, and when, after rising once more, she put her head again into the water, she dipped it in so deep that her rail went under and did not come up again. Her stern seemed to rise in the air, and at the same time the sea

appeared to lift itself along her whole length. Then with a dip forward of her funnel and masts, she suddenly went down out of sight, and the water churned, and foamed, and eddied about the place where she had been. The gold of the Incas was on its way to the bottom of the unsounded sea.

Captain Hagar sat down upon the deck and covered his face with his hands. No one said anything to him—there was nothing to say. The first to speak was Mrs. Cliff. "Captain Horn," said she, her voice so shaken by her emotion that she scarcely spoke above a whisper, "we did everything we could, and this is what has come of it!"

"Everything!" exclaimed Captain Horn, suddenly turning toward her. "You have done far more than could be expected by mortals! And now," said he, turning to the little party, "don't let one of us grieve another minute for the sinking of that gold. If anybody has a right to grieve, it's Captain Hagar here. He's lost his ship; but many a good sailor has lost his ship and lived and died a happy man after it. And as to the cargo you carried, my mate," said he, "you would have done your duty by it just the same if it had been pig-lead or gold; and when you have done your duty, there's the end of it! That's my opinion, here's my hand on it!"

Captain Hagar looked up, rose to his feet, and after gazing for a second in the face of Captain Horn, he took his extended hand. "You're a good one!" said he, "but you're bound to agree that it's tough. There's no getting around that. It's all fired tough!"

"Burke," said Captain Horn quickly, glancing up at the noonday sun, "put her out there near that wreckage, and take an observation."

It was shortly after this that Mr. Portman, the sailing-master, came aft and reported the position of the yacht to be eleven degrees, thirty minutes, nineteen seconds north latitude by fifty-six degrees, ten minutes, forty-nine seconds west longitude.

"What's the idea," said Burke to Captain Horn, "of steering right to the spot? Do you think there'll ever be a chance of getting at it?"

Captain Horn was marking the latitude

and longitude in his note-book. "Can't say what future ages may do in the way of deep sea work," said he; "but I'd like to put a dot on my chart that will show where the gold went down."

Nothing could be more unprofitable for the shaken and disturbed spirits of the people on the Summer Shelter than to stand gazing at the few pieces of wood and the half-submerged hencoop which floated above the spot where the Dunkery Beacon had gone down, or to look out at the three boats which the pirates were vigorously rowing toward the steamer in the distance, and this fact strongly impressed itself upon the practical mind of Mrs. Cliff. "Captain Horn," said she, "is there any reason why we should not go away?"

"None in the world," said he, "and there's every reason why your vessel and mine should get under headway as soon as possible. Where are you bound for now?"

"Wherever you say, captain," she answered. "This is my ship, and Mr. Burke is my captain, but we want you to take care of us, and you must tell us where we should go."

"We'll talk it over," said he, and calling Burke and Captain Hagar, a consultation was immediately held, and it did not take long to come to a decision when all concerned were of the same mind.

It was decided to set sail immediately for Kingston, for each vessel had coal enough, with the assistance of her sails, to reach that port. Mrs. Cliff insisted that Edna should not go back to the Monterey, and Captain Horn agreed to this plan, for he did not at all wish any womankind on the Monterey in her present condition. The yacht had been found to be perfectly sea-worthy, and although a little water was coming in, her steam-pump kept her easily disposed of it. Edna accepted Mrs. Cliff's invitation provided her husband would agree to remain on the yacht, and, somewhat to her surprise, he was perfectly willing to do this. The idea had come to him that the best thing for all parties, and especially for the comfort and relief of the mind of Captain Hagar, was to put him in command of a ship and give him something to think about other than the loss of his vessel.

While they were talking over these

matters, and making arrangements to send to the Monterey for Edna's maid and some of her baggage, Captain Horn found Burke in his room. "I want to know," said he, "what sort of a crew you've got on this yacht? One of them—a very intelligent looking man, by the way, with black trousers on—came up just now and shook hands with me, and said he was ever so much pleased to make my acquaintance, and hoped he would soon have some opportunities of conversation with me. That isn't the kind of deck-hand I'm accustomed to."

Burke laughed. "It's the jolliest, high-toned upper-ten crew that ever swabbed a deck or shoveled coal. They're all ministers."

"Ministers!" ejaculated Captain Horn absolutely aghast. Then Burke told the story of the synod. Captain Horn sank into a chair, leaned back, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"I didn't suppose," he said presently, "that anything could make me laugh on a day like this, but the story of those synod gentlemen has done it! But, Burke, there's no use of their serving as seamen any longer. Let them put on their black clothes and be comfortable and happy. I've got a double crew on board the Monterey, and can bring over just as many men as are needed to work this yacht. I'll go over myself and detail a crew, and then when everything is made ready, I'll come on board here. And after that I want you to remember that I'm a passenger and haven't anything to do with the sailing of this ship. You're captain and must attend to your own vessel, and I'm going to make it my business to get acquainted with all these clergymen, and that lady I see with Mrs. Cliff. Who is she?"

"By George!" exclaimed Burke, "she's the leading trump of the world! That's Willy Croup!"

There was no time then to explain why Willy was a leading trump, but Captain Horn afterwards heard the story of how she backed the ship, and he did not wonder at Burke's opinion.

When the Summer Shelter accompanied by the Monterey had started northward, Burke stood by Shirley on the bridge. Mr. Burdette had a complete crew of able seamen under his command;



there was a cook in the kitchen, and stewards in the saloons, and there was a carpenter with some men at work at a spar which was to be rigged as a bowsprit.

"I'm mighty glad to lay her course for home," said Burke, "for I've had enough of it as things are, but if things were not exactly as they are, I wouldn't have enough of it."

"What do you mean?" said Shirley.

"I mean this," was the answer. "If this was my yacht, and there were no women on board, and no ministers, I would have put on a full head of steam, and I would have gone after those boats, and I would have run them down, one after another, and drowned every bloody pirate on board of them. It makes my blood boil to think of these scoundrels getting away after trying to run us down, and to shoot you!"

"It would have served them right to run them down, you know," said Shirley, "but you couldn't do it, and there's no use talking about it. It would have been a cold-blooded piece of business to run down a small boat with a heavy steamer, and I don't believe you would have been willing to do it yourself when you got close unto them! But the captain says if we get to Kingston in good time, we may be able to cable to London, and set the authorities at every likely port on the lookout for the *Vittorio*."

The voyage of the *Summer Shelter* to Kingston was uneventful, but in many respects a very pleasant one. There had been a great disappointment; there had been a great loss, and, to the spirits of some of the party, there had been a great shock, but every one now seemed determined to forget everything which had been unfortunate, and to remember only

that they were all alive, all safe, all together, and all on their way home.

The clergymen, relieved of their nautical duties, shone out brightly as good-humored and agreeable companions. Their hardships and their dangers had made them so well acquainted with each other, and with everybody else on board, and they had found it so easy to become acquainted with Captain and Mrs. Horn, and they all felt so much relieved from their load of anxiety that they performed well their parts in making up one of the

jolliest companies that ever sailed over the South Atlantic.

At Kingston, the *Summer Shelter* and the *Monterey* were both left,—the former to be completely repaired, and brought home by Mr. Portman, and the other to be coaled and sent back to Vera Cruz with her officers and her crew,—and our whole party, including Captain Hagar, sailed in the next steamer for New York.

## XIX.

### PLAINTON, MAINE.

It was late in the summer, and Mrs. Cliff dwelt happy and serene in her native town of Plainton, Maine. She had been there during the whole warm season, for Plainton was a place to which people came to be cool and comfortable

in summer time, and if she left her home at all, it would not be in the months of foliage and flowers. It might well be believed by any one who would look out of one of the tall windows of her drawing-room, that Mrs. Cliff did not need to leave home for the mere sake of rural beauty. On the other side of the street, where once stretched a block of poor little houses and shops, now lay a beautiful park—The Grove of the Incas.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

"MINISTERS!" EJACULATED CAPTAIN HORN  
ABSOLUTELY AGHAST."



The zeal of Mr. Burke and the money of Mrs. Cliff had had a powerful influence upon the minds of the contractors and landscape-gardeners who had this great work in hand, and the park, which really covered a very large space in the village, now appeared from certain points of view to extend for miles, so artfully had been arranged its masses of obstructing foliage and its open vistas of uninterrupted view. The surface of the ground, which had been a little rolling, had been made more unequal and diversified, and over all the little hills and dells, and upon the wide smooth stretches there was a covering of bright green turf. It had been a season of genial rains, and there had been a special corps of workman to attend to the grass of the new park.

The home of Mrs. Cliff, itself, had seemed to her to be casting off its newness and ripening into the matured home. Willy Croup had declared, as she stood in the hall gazing up at the staircase, that it often seemed to her, since she came back, as if her grandfather had been in the habit of coming down those stairs. "I never saw him," she said, "and I don't know what sort of stairs he used to come down, but there's something about all this which makes me think of things far back and grand, and I know from what I've heard of him that he would have liked to come down such stairs."

Mrs. Horn and her husband had made a long visit to Mrs. Cliff, and they had departed early in the summer for a great property they had bought in the West, which included mountains, valleys, a cañon, and such far-extending groves of golden fruit that Edna already called the captain "The Prince of Orange."

But although Mrs. Cliff, for many reasons, had no present desire to leave her home, she did not relinquish the enterprise for which the Summer Shelter had been designed. When Captain Hagar had gone to London and had reported to his owners the details of his dire and disastrous misfortune, he had been made the subject of censure and severe criticism; but, while no reason could be found why he should be legally punished for what had happened, he was made to understand that there was no ship for him in the gift of the house he had so long served.

When Mrs. Cliff heard of this, and she heard of it very soon, through Captain Horn, she immediately offered Captain Hagar the command of the Summer Shelter, assuring him that her designs included cruises of charity in the north in summer and in tropical waters in the winter time, and that of all men she knew of, he was the captain who should command her yacht. He was, indeed, admirably adapted to this service, for he was of a kind and gentle nature, and loved children, and he had such an observing mind that it frequently happened when he had looked over a new set of passengers, and had observed their physical tendencies, that he did not take a trip to sea at all but cruised up the smooth quiet waters of the Hudson.

As soon as it could possibly be done, Captain Horn had caused messages to be sent to many ports on the French and Spanish coast and along the Mediterranean, in order that if the Vittorio arrived in any of these harbors, her officers and men might be seized and held: but it was a long time before there was any news of the pirate ship, and then she was heard of at Mogador, a port on the western coast of Morocco, where she had been sold under very peculiar circumstances and for a very small price by the men who had come there in her, and who had departed north at different times on trading vessels which were bound for Marseilles and Gibraltar.

More definite information was received of the third of the pirate vessels which had been fitted out to capture the Peruvian's treasure; for, as this vessel approached the West Indies, she was overhauled by a Spanish cruiser, who finding her manned by a suspicious crew, and well supplied with firearms, had seized her as a filibuster, and had taken her into a Cuban port, where she still remained, with her crew in prison awaiting trial or a tardy release, in case it became inconvenient to detain them longer.

The other pirate vessel on which Captain Hagar and his men had been placed when they were forced to leave the Dunkery Beacon, finally reached Georgetown, British Guiana, where, after a long course of legal action, it was condemned and sold, and as much of the price as was left after costs had been paid, was

handed over to the owners of the Dunkery Beacon.

Among the reasons which made Mrs. Cliff very glad to remain at Plainton was one of paramount importance. She was now engaged in a great work which satisfied all her aspirations and desires to make herself able to worthily and conscientiously cope with her income.

When, after the party on the Summer Shelter had separated at New York, and the ex-members of the synod had gone to their homes, Mrs. Cliff and her party, which included Shirley as well as Captain Horn and his wife, had reached Plainton, their minds were greatly occupied with the subject of the loss of the Peruvians' share of the Incas treasures. It was delightful for Mrs. Cliff and Willy to reach again their charming home, and their friends were filled with a pleasure which they could scarcely express to see and enjoy the beauties and the comforts with which Mrs. Cliff had surrounded herself; but there was still upon them all the shadow of that great misfortune which had happened off the eastern coast of South America.

News came to them of what had been said and done in London, and of what had been said and done not only in Peru, but in other states of South America in regard to the loss of the treasure, but nothing was said or done in any quarter which tended to invalidate their right to the share of the gold which had been adjudged to them. The portion of the treasure allotted to the Peruvian government had been duly delivered to its agents, and it was the fault of those agents, acting under the feverish orders of their superiors which had been the reason of its injudicious and hasty transportation and consequent loss.

But although the ownership of the treasure which was now in the safe possession of those to whom it had been adjudged was not considered a matter to be questioned or discussed, Mrs. Cliff was not satisfied with the case as it stood, and her dissatisfaction rapidly spread to the other members of the party. It pained her to think that the native Peruvians, those who might be considered the descendants of the Incas, would now derive no benefit from the discovery of the treasure of their ancestors, and

she announced her intention to devote a portion of her wealth to the interests and advantage of these natives.

Captain Horn was much impressed with this idea, and agreed that if Mrs. Cliff would take the management of the enterprise into her own hands, he would contribute largely to any plan which she might adopt for the benefit of the Peruvians. Edna, who now held a large portion of the treasure in her own right, insisted upon being allowed to contribute her share to this object, and Burke and Shirley declared that they would become partners, according to their means, in the good work.

There was, of course, a great deal of talk and discussion in regard to the best way of using the very large amount of money which had been contributed by the various members of the party; but before Captain Horn and his wife left Plainton everything was arranged, and Mrs. Cliff found herself at the head of an important and well-endowed private mission to the native inhabitants of Peru. She did not make immediately a definite plan of action, but her first steps in the direction of her great object showed that she was a woman well qualified to organize and carry on the great work in the cause of civilization and enlightenment which she had undertaken. She engaged the Reverend Mr. Hodgson and the Reverend Mr. Litchfield, both young men whose dispositions lead them to prefer earnest work in new and foreign lands to the ordinary labors of a domestic parish, to go to Peru to survey the scene of the proposed work, and to report what, in their opinion, ought to be done and how it should be undertaken.

Mrs. Cliff, now in the very maturity of her mental and physical powers, felt that this great work was the most congenial task that she could possibly have undertaken, and her future life now seemed to open before her in a series of worthy endeavors in which her conscientious feelings in regard to her responsibilities, and her desire to benefit her fellow-beings should be fully satisfied. As to her fellow-workers and those of her friends who thoroughly comprehended the nature of the case, there was a general belief that those inhabitants of Peru who were rightfully entitled to the bene-

fits of the discovered treasure, would, under her management and direction of the funds in her hands, receive far more good and advantage than they could possibly have expected had the treasure gone to the Peruvian government. In fact, there were those who said that had the Dunkery Beacon safely arrived in the port of Callao, the whole of the continent of South America might have been disturbed and disrupted by the immense overbalance of wealth thrown into the treasury of one of its states.

Mr. George Burke was now the only member of our little party of friends who did not seem entirely satisfied with his condition and prospects. He made no complaints, but he was restless and discontented. He did not want to go to sea, for he vowed he had had enough of it, and he did not seem to find any satisfaction in a life on shore. He paid a visit to his mother, but he did not stay with her very long, for Plainton seemed to suit him better. But when he returned to his house in that town, he soon left it to go and spend a few days with Shirley.

When he came back Mrs. Cliff, who believed that his uneasy state of mind was the result of want of occupation and the monotonous life of a small town, advised him to go out west and visit Captain Horn. There was so much in that grand country to interest him and to occupy him, body and mind, but to this advice Mr. Burke stoutly objected.

"I'm not going out there," he said. "I've seen enough of Captain Horn and his wife. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Cliff, that's what's the matter with me."

"I don't understand you," said she.

"It's simply this," said Burke. "Since I've seen so much of the captain and his wife, and the happiness they get out of each other, I've found out that the kind of happiness they've got is exactly the kind of happiness I want, and there isn't anything else—money, or land, or orange groves, or steamships—that can take the place of it."

"In other words," said Mrs. Cliff, with a smile, "you want to get married."

"You've hit it exactly," said he. "I want a wife. Of course, I don't expect to get exactly such a wife as Captain Horn has, they're about as scarce as buried treasure, I take it, but I want one who

will suit me and who is suited to me. That's what I want, and I shall never be happy until I get her."

"I should think it would be easy enough for you to get a wife, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Cliff. "You are in the prime of life, you have plenty of money, and I don't believe it would be at all hard to find a good woman who would be glad to have you."

"That's what my mother said," said he. "When I was there she bored me from morning until night by telling me I ought to get married, and mentioning girls on Cape Cod who would be glad to have me. But there isn't any girl on Cape Cod that I want. To get rid of them I came away sooner than I intended."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Cliff, "perhaps there is some one in particular that you would like to have."

"That's it exactly," said Burke; "there is some one in particular."

"And do you mind telling me who it is?" she asked.

"Since you ask me, I don't mind a bit," said he. "It's Miss Croup."

Mrs. Cliff started back astonished. "Willy Croup!" she exclaimed. "You amaze me! I don't think she would suit you."

"I'd like to know why not?" he asked quickly.

"In the first place," said she, "it's a long time since Willy was a girl."

"That's the kind I want," he answered. "I don't want to adopt a daughter. I want to marry a grown woman."

"Well," said Mrs. Cliff, "Willy is certainly grown. But then, it doesn't seem to me that she would be adapted to a married life. I am sure she has made up her mind to live single, and she hasn't been accustomed to manage a house and conduct domestic affairs. She has always had some one to depend upon."

"That's what I like," said he. "Better depend on me. And as to management, you needn't say anything to me about that, Mrs. Cliff. I saw her bouncing to the galley of the Summer Shelter, and if she manages other things as well as she managed the cooking business there, she'll suit me."

"It seems so strange to me, Mr.

Burke," said Mrs. Cliff after a few moments' silence. "I never imagined that you would care for Willy Croup."

Mr. Burke drew himself forward to the edge of the chair on which he was sitting, he put one hand on each of his outspread knees, and he leaned forward with a very earnest and animated expression on his countenance. "Now, look here, Mrs. Cliff," he said, "I want to say something to you. When I see a young woman brought up in the very bosom of the Sunday-school, and on the quarter-deck of respectability, and who never, perhaps, had a cross word said to her in all her life, or said one to anybody, judging from her appearance, and whose mind is more like a clean pocket-handkerchief in regard to hard words and rough language than anything I can think of; when I see that young woman with a snow-white disposition that would naturally lead her to hymns whenever she wanted to raise her voice above common conversation,—when I see that young woman, I say, in a moment of life or death to her and every one about her, dash to the door of that engine-room, and shout my orders down to that muddled engineer,—knowing I couldn't leave the wheel to give them myself,—ramming them into him as if with the point of a handspike, yelling out everything that I said, word for word, without picking or choosing, trusting in me that I knew what ought to be said in such a moment, and saying it after me, word for word, cursing, swearing, slamming down oaths on him just as I did, trusting in me all the time as to what words ought to be used, and just warming up that blasted engineer until sense enough came to him to make him put out his hand, and back her—then, Mrs. Cliff, I know that a woman who stands by me at a time like that will stand by me at any time, and that's the woman I want to stand by. And now, what have you got to say?"

"All I have to say," answered Mrs. Cliff, who had been listening intently to Mr. Burke's extraordinary flow of words; "all I have to say is, if that's the way you think about her, you ought to speak to her."

"Madam," said Burke, springing to his feet, "that suits me. I would have

spoken to her before, but I had my doubts about what you'd think of it. But now that I see you're willing to sign the papers, what I want to know is, where will I be likely to find Miss Croup?"

Mrs. Cliff laughed. "You are very prompt," said she, "and I think you will find Willy in the little parlor. She was sewing there when I saw her last."

In less than a minute Mr. Burke stood before Willy Croup in the little parlor. "Miss Croup," said he, "I want to ask you something."

"What is it?" said Willy, letting her work drop in her lap.

"Miss Croup," said he, "I heard you swear once, and I never heard anybody swear better, and with more conscience. You did that swearing for me, and now I want to ask you if you will be willing to swear for me again?"

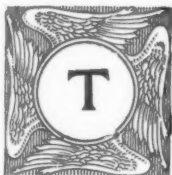
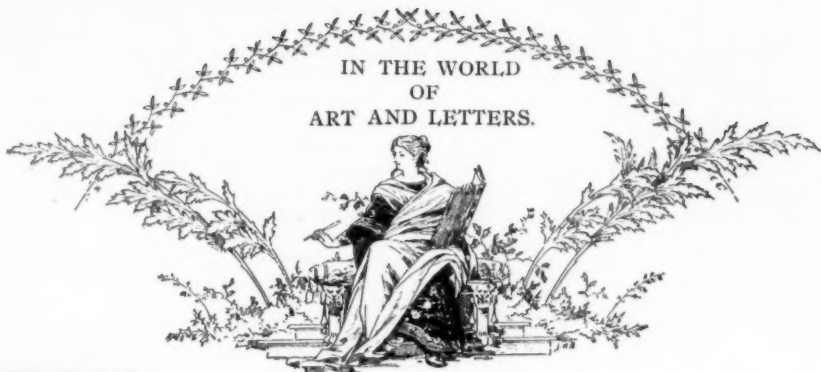
"No," said Willy, her cheeks flushing as she spoke; "no, I won't! It was all very well for you to tell me that I didn't do anything wrong when I talked in that dreadful way to Mr. Maxwell, and for you to get the ministers to tell me that as I didn't understand what I was saying, of course, there was no sin in it; but although I don't feel as badly about it as I did, I sometimes wake up in the night and fairly shiver when I think of the words I used that day. And I've made up my mind, no matter whether ships are to be sunk or what is to happen, I will never do that thing again, and I don't want you ever to expect it of me."

"But, William Croup," exclaimed Mr. Burke, forgetting in his excitement that the full form of her Christian name was not likely to be masculine, "that isn't the way I want you to swear this time. What I want you to do is to stand up alongside of me in front of a minister and swear you'll take me for your loving husband to love, honor, and protect, and all the rest of it, till death do us part. Now, what do you say to that?"

Willy sat and looked at him. The flush went out of her cheeks, and then came again, but it was a different kind of a flush this time, and the brightness went out of her eyes, and another light, a softer and different light came into them. "Oh! Is that what you want?" she said presently. "I wouldn't mind that."

[THE END.]

IN THE WORLD  
OF  
ART AND LETTERS.



**he Attractions of a Metropolis.**—New York keeps getting bigger. No wonder! She has so much to offer, so many sights, so many chances, so much music, so many acquaintances, such tempting shops, so much to look at, so much to do. It is a fact, however, that there are people in the smaller cities within the large territory which is subject to her fascinations who might live in New York but do not. New York has a candle-to-the-moth attraction to them. They flutter around her and sometimes singe their wings a little, but after a circumvolution or two they go back home and abide there. They go to New York for a week or a month ever so cheerfully. One of the standard out of town reasons for not moving to New York is the fear of having no place to go to—but as to living there, that is a bird of quite another feather.

If you pry into the sentiments of the citizen of a lesser town, to find out why he doesn't move to New York, you may discover among the considerations that keep him in his own city, the dread of losing his individuality, the dread of losing his social identity and becoming a nobody, the dread of losing his home and becoming a boarder, the dread of being limited to one set of motions and becoming a specialist, and the dread of distractions which might weaken his power of independent thought and action and leave him the creature of an environment hustled along from year to year and from point to point by outside forces. In our journey through life we get attached to ourselves, such as we are, not necessarily from any exaggerated estimate of the value of our qualities, but largely from habit and continued association. After a while an environment in which we have continued becomes so much a part of us that to change it is in some degree to change ourselves, and that we do not like to do.



Drawn by  
F. G. Allwood.





*Drawn by I. G. Attwood.*

Especially is this feeling operative when the change is from the moderate and sober influences of a small city to the more strenuous claims and impulses of a big one. To the habituated dweller in a small city it appears that in New York he would be not himself at all but some one else. He judges New York a good deal by his experiences as a visitor, and thinks of it as a theater-going, opera-seeing, horse-show-exhibiting town, with a vast number of people in it whom it is pleasant to see, but all profoundly engrossed with their own concerns, and about as much affected by the accession of any individual to their circle as a tub of water is affected by the presence of another drop. To his mind New York, like any great city, is easy to go to because it

makes no serious difference to any one whether you go or not. Nobody seems to him to count for much there except the exceedingly rich, or the superlatively active and able. There are heads that show above the crowd, but they are comparatively few and belong to abnormally tall people. If one is young, and strong, and ambitious, and beginning life, New York has strong lures. If one is obscure and uncomfortable at home, the prospect of being lost in a crowd has its mitigations, especially if with it comes the hope of a possible abatement of material discomforts. But the citizen of a fair-sized city, who can command the reasonable comforts of life, and who lives in a familiar and friendly atmosphere, is apt to think of New York as a sizzling Medea's-chaldron into which if he were popped, he might indeed come out rejuvenated, but out of which again he might come with what life he had had boiled out of him.



*Drawn by F. G. Attwood.*



It is hard to convince the small city's citizen that any New Yorker, unless he is very rich, ever acquires anything fit to be called a home. He may concede that Mr. Vanderbilt's new house, or Mr. Astor's, or Mr. Gerry's, seem to bid fair to be permanent habitations; but he will ask you scornfully if any family in the whole town of Gotham has lived fifty years in one house. The march of the metropolis up-town is disconcerting to him. He likes the notion of a reasonable permanency of abode. He has no sympathy with Mr. Howells's suggestion that household effects and family belongings are a nuisance, and that we ought to be able to hire a whole set of the appliances of living as easily as one hires an empty flat or buys a suit of clothes. He likes his things, his books, his pictures, and familiar furniture, and wants something resembling permanent storage for them.



Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

He will tell you that he would as soon think of feeling at home in a sleeping-car as in a New York flat, and that a twenty-foot-wide house in a block isn't much better. He wants to settle down somewhere, poor man, and pictures that this world is really his home, and much of his distrust of Gotham is due to his conviction that a New York family habitually spends its winters in searching for a fit place to spend the summer, and its summers in speculating on the possibilities of getting a more convenient city house.

As for the suburbs, he thinks of them all as places where men are forever bolting their breakfasts and hurrying to catch trains. You may tell him that they get to like it, and he will answer that, no doubt, Sisyphus got used to rolling stones perpetually up hill in hell. Besides, he will tell you that life in



Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

a suburb bears the same relation to life in a city that life in Canada does to life in England. It is a tributary, colonial, next-to-the-rose kind of existence, and is objectionable besides, because suburbs are artificial aggregations of people of the same general sort, and lack the social variety and the approximation of rich and poor, which are so valuable a characteristic of real life. You may tell him that that is not true, but it will be hard to convince him.

And when you speak of the great variety of peoples a great city offers, and of the chance there is for every kind of taste in company to be gratified, the poor creature will wag his benighted head at you again, and declare that there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and when the sleeping, and waking, and stay-at-home hours are counted out, there are only a few left for social enjoyments, and that it does not take such a vast variety of acquaintances to make those pass with profit. Enough playmates, he will say, are as good as too many, and then he will insist that the difference between men in big towns and men in small towns is not so vital as appears, and that folks that are folks are folks anywhere you find them.

So he goes on, and it is as well that he does, for commonly the small cities need to keep their people more than the big cities to gain them. If the demurring citizen once does move, and stays in the big town long enough to learn to get used to it, the chances are that his allegiance to it will end only with his life. There are steps going and coming from Father Knickerbocker's lair, but the majority of them point his way. What he has he keeps, and what he gains he holds.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.



Drawn by  
F. G. Attwood.

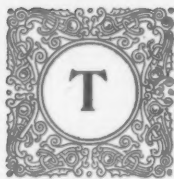


**he Feasts of Autolycus.**—A book that was needed has been written. This may have happened before in the history of literature, but I cannot hastily recall another instance. People who write books assume, as a rule, that it is the duty of the public to be interested in what they have to say; they do not concern themselves with the trivial requirements of humanity. A great many years have passed since Talleyrand sorrowfully described England as a land where there were twenty-four religions and only one sauce; yet since then philosophers and poets, critics and novelists have been hard at work providing it with more religions, which it certainly did not want, and nobody has striven to supply the sauces, which are lacking as sorely as ever. Even the new woman, ready in London as in New York to tell us everything it is unpleasant and unprofitable to hear, has not been new enough to grasp any of the importunate problems of life. If she really had a spice of novelty about her, she would have stopped long ago working along the old familiar lines of old familiar improprieties, and, instead of surfeiting us with an empty diet of silliness and sin, she would have taught us how the "roast-beef of England"—an excellent article, but over-praised and unduly exalted—might be shorn of its melancholy monotony.

It has been reserved for an American writer, long exiled from her home, to give to the country of her adoption a modest but joyous little volume which she frankly calls the diary of a greedy woman; a useful volume, too, not full of empty witticisms and vain conceits, but teaching plainly upon every page how the delights of gluttony can be secured. Perhaps only an American, familiar with the continent and living in London, could have written such a book. For in it we see happy memories of youth, of the delicate little Maryland oyster, of crabs, of terrapin, of canvasback ducks, asparagus, and the superb profusion of our summer fruit. Then a wide and discriminating knowledge of Paris restaurants where the great art of cooking has reached its zenith, of strange and savory viands from Italy, of refined subtleties from Vienna, of ancient and honorable devices from Amsterdam, of the toothsome, homelier dishes of the Fatherland. And, after all these, a residence in England, where the bald simplicity of roasted meat never palls upon the native palate; where the potato is served pallid, tasteless, and forlorn; where seasoning—even the primitive seasoning of butter, salt, and pepper—seems practically unknown, and damson tart reigns supreme throughout the gloomy year. What wonder that Mrs. Pennell, under the triple incentive of natural ability,—greediness, she terms it,—elaborate training, and urgent pressure, should rise to a great emergency, and publish the "Feasts of Autolycus"! What wonder that she should strive with gentle words, with apt quotations, with persuasive arguments, and practical advice to fulfil the duty nearest to her hand, and teach a hungry nation how to cook!

Perhaps her tastes are too broadly catholic to harmonize with the insular prejudices of Great Britain. Perhaps her lessons are too far advanced for such beginners in the art. It hardly seems worth while to talk about the delicate stimulus of onion and garlic, of shallot and parsley and fragrant herbs, to a people who have not yet learned how to use salt and pepper. It would be difficult to persuade the average Englishman, dining contentedly on "plain roast and boiled," that the salads of Spain, in which this American epicure finds rare delight, are not extremely nasty messes, fit only for extremely nasty Spaniards to devour. Yet there must be in every land a small and esoteric body of appreciative eaters who will recognize the excellence of Mrs. Pennell's art, and who will thank Heaven that, instead of writing essays on Maeterlinck and modern tenement houses, this true philanthropist has found a useful part to play. "The discovery of a new dish," says Brillat-Savarin, wisely, "does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet."

AGNES REPPLIER.



**he Fascination of the Marvelous.**—The present month has brought prominently into view a very curious phase of Parisian character. If there is a city in the world which has been thought to be obstinately opposed to a belief in the miraculous that city is assuredly Paris, where the species of joking, which is called *blague*, grows and flourishes spontaneously. *Blague*, properly speaking, is nothing else than a particular manner of ridiculing advanced ideas

without offending prejudices or superstitions; it is a pin-thrust given, smiling, to high-sounding phrases, which causes them to collapse. The Parisian, above all others, prides himself on his expertness in this exercise.

Well, we have now amongst us a seeress, Mlle. Couëdon, who converses every day with the Angel Gabriel; who learns from his lips a multitude of extraordinary things, both about the past and about the present, of every one in particular, and of humanity in general; and who communicates these revelations to the crowds who flock to hear her.

Mlle. Couëdon has revolutionized Paris. It is not only the idler or the simple-minded bourgeois who has climbed her stairs to consult her. Writers, priests, savants, statesmen, have joined the crowd—not to mention the journalists, who, from their profession, are of every condition—all of whose questions the seeress has deigned to answer; or, rather the Angel Gabriel, who seems to me to be an extremely good-natured sort of angel, has deigned to answer them through her mouth. He has told them that France is in a very bad way; that the next ministry has not long to live; that there are to be great calamities and much bloodshed in the country; with other predictions that may be already found in the prophecies of Nostradamus. For it is surprising how strongly the predictions of all prophets resemble one another. It is as if they had had a secret understanding among themselves.

The journals have all sent their reporters to visit Mlle. Couëdon, and each of them has a daily column devoted to the recording of the doings and sayings of the seeress. There is before me on the table at which I am writing a pamphlet which contains an account of her life, and tells how she came into communication with the angel, and the revelations which she has received from him. It is a tissue of incredible absurdities.

The physicians have sent circumstantial reports on Mlle. Couëdon's case to the Academy of Medicine, and it has been gravely discussed among the big wigs of science whether they had to do with one really inspired, with a sick person, or with an impostor. For the multitude, the question has not been in doubt for an instant. She was one inspired from on high—a seeress. All that they would admit was that she was sometimes mistaken; but who is there that is never mistaken! The spirit, as the Scripture says, bloweth where it listeth, and how it listeth!

At the hour in which I am writing, this craze still continues. The seeress has been obliged to change her place of residence, because the owner of the house in which she lived feared that his property might be injured by the invasion of the crowd. She has removed to another house, and the same crowd has followed her to her new abode. It is necessary to write two or three weeks in advance to obtain an audience of the Angel Gabriel, who is unable to satisfy the curiosity of all who wish to consult him.

Mesmer with his wand had not greater success in the eighteenth century. The marvelous will always exercise the same fascination over the minds of men, even if these men be Parisians or Yankees. Human credulity is much the same everywhere.

It is in vain that the alienists say:

“But there are dozens of Mlle. Couëdons in the Salpêtrière; why, you have only to attend the clinics of Dr. Charcot to see as many seeresses as you wish enjoying the intimacy of, and holding regular communication with any of the angels, or with the Holy Virgin herself. Nothing is more common than these phenomena, which have their source in hysteria or hypnotism.”

These scientific explanations have not sufficed to calm the excitement of the people, who prefer to believe that there is something supernatural, something marvelous in them. What, they cannot tell. But this only serves to excite the more keenly their curiosity.

I remember the noise that was made quite recently by certain phenomena which were produced in the house of a lady named Eusapia Paladiera. Two illustrious scientists, the one a Frenchman, the other an Italian—no less personages than Messrs. Bichat and Lombroso—were invited to investigate them. In these memorable séances the tables rose, without any one touching them, to a height of from a dozen to twenty centimeters; then, there were touches of invisible hands; objects moved from one place to another of themselves; there were apparitions of spirits, etc., etc.

I will quote here only one phrase of the minute report published by M. Bichat on the investigations referred to.

"According as the conditions became more rigorous," he says, "the results became more mediocre."

In other words, the more strict was the vigilance exercised, the more the supernatural became natural.

Here is matter for thought! Remember that in this case it was not a question of séances given by a charlatan and advertised with much puffery. No; it was one of genuine experiments submitted to the investigation of genuine savants, one of whom, and not the least distinguished of them, after a careful observation of the phenomena, instead of being convinced by the marvels he saw, had to confess that when vigilance was exercised the miracles were no longer produced.

And so it is always.

You remember the question of the spirit rappers which had its origin in America, and which has so greatly occupied the attention of the lovers of the mysterious. The solution of the little problem which puzzled the skeptical was at last discovered by a savant, the celebrated Professor Schiff.

In the city in which he lived there was a young girl who was said to be haunted by the spirit rappers. Professor Schiff was called to see her, in order to convince him, and, as Molière says, to show him his ignorance. When he visited her, the sick girl was in bed, and covered up to the neck with the bed-clothes. After a few moments he heard noises which rose in a quick crescendo and the sound of which was sharp and vibrant.

Whence did they come? The young girl remained plunged in a lethargic sleep, and nothing stirred in the room.

The noises, after stopping for a time, recommenced, and Professor Schiff, greatly puzzled, felt convinced that they proceeded from the bed; he reflected upon their character; he sought; he found. It was a particular manner of working the tendons of the foot. He practised the movement; he succeeded; and he, too, evoked a troop of spirit rappers.

He repeated the experiment after explaining the process theoretically. You imagine, perhaps, that he convinced the simple people who had believed it to be a miracle, of their folly. If so, you know little of the strength and tenacity of human credulity.

A delusion of this sort can be cured only by substituting another for it. The Parisians will believe in the prophecies of Mlle. Couëdon so long as it is the fashion to believe in them. Some fine day another somnambulist, or magician, or sorcerer, or necromancer will appear who will monopolize the attention of everybody, who will turn everybody's head, and Mlle. Couëdon and the Angel Gabriel will be as completely out of date as last year's almanac. We have a proverb which explains and excuses this fickleness: we say that one nail drives out another.

"The envious die; but envy never dies," said Madame Pernelle, in past days, in *Tartuffe*.

The love of the marvelous, the belief in the supernatural, is indestructible in man; it is the mode in which the marvelous manifests itself that elevates or degrades.

Perhaps by the time this article is published the very name of Mlle. Couëdon will be forgotten. Who remembers now the name of the Zouave Jacob, who was famous for six whole months as a healer and thaumaturgist?

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



**Maeterlinck as a Mystic.**—The strain of mysticism which has been so obvious in Maeterlinck's dramatic work reveals itself as the main texture of his mind in the new book published by the remarkable young Belgian, who has set literary Europe a-talking. He had already, indeed, in editions of "*Ruysbroeck I'Admirable and Novalis*," shown pretty plainly with what view of the universe his sympathy lay. But "*Le Trésor des Humbles*"—a title that

Thomas à Kempis might have envied him—gives, in a series of essays, a detailed if unsystematic exposition of his standpoint and definitely ranges him, if on a lower platform, with Emerson and Carlyle. He starts, indeed, with Carlyle's catchword—silence—and proceeds to preach the gospel of it in twenty pages. Silence is, indeed, what one somehow expects from those northerly marsh-lands. The Dutchman smokes unchattering, and phlegm suggests the Flemish. The Belgian peasants talk little, and when they do speak they oft but repeat the last phrase. Echo is the speech of the silent, and this antiphonetic taciturnity is the explanation of the Ollendorffian dialogue of "the Belgian Shakspeare's" early plays. "Are you the Princess Maleine?" "I am the Princess Maleine." "She is the Princess Maleine." Silence is, indeed, the key to Maeterlinck's mysticism.

The inner core of things is silence, and in every conversation the important words are those which are not said—a deep thought, which helps him to an acute criticism of the average drama, and to a subtle suggestion that Ibsen in "*The Master-Builder*," was aiming less at superficial dialogue than at exhibiting the deeper oceanic currents of the spirit which run on apart from all the babble of wind-tossed waves on the surface. Silence is also the eloquence of the dumb, and there is more significance in the glance of the woman who loves you, or of the peasant who tells you your way on the country-road than in a volume of poetry. A child's intuition is wiser than the wisdom of the ages. Of such fine, if not unfamiliar conceptions, is "*The Treasure of the Humble*" compact, a treasure of tender thought on God and man and woman, life and death and beauty, and all the great things of every-day; on the miracle of the commonplace. To Maeterlinck as to Wordsworth:

"The meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And he wonders that we do not always live, every instant of our lives, engirt as we are by splendors and infinities, with the exaltation of a woman in love or the emotion of a man on his death-bed. But he is even more transcendental than our modern seers; he is akin to the Jacob Boehms and the Cabbalists, and in "*The Awakening of the Soul*" he has glimpses of what Shakspeare expressed so wonderfully:

"The prophetic soul of the wide world  
Dreaming on things to come."

Perhaps, he speculates, a time will come, and is even now coming, when our souls will perceive each other without the intervention of the senses. In modern literature, do we not sometimes get a perception of something intangible, some vague sense of Beyond, some sublime "transformation of silence," which threatens the reign of "the positive Sublime"—as Maeterlinck calls what Sir William



Hamilton long ago christened "the material Sublime?" And do we not find greater drama in the sense of the mystery of an old man reading at a lamp, all the forces of fate and the universe converging upon him, than in all the blood-and-thunder tragedies of the Elizabethans, the characters of which are so occupied in disowning their children or killing their wives, that "they have no time to live"? A criticism which shows clearly what Maeterlinck himself is aiming at as a playwright. He is the dramatist of the things that do not happen, the things that are, a sort of Eclectic philosopher among playwrights, and a playwright among Eclectic philosophers. And it is here that we touch upon the defects of Maeterlinck's qualities. Significant as it is to have the old lessons of humility and brotherhood taught again by the youngest of the prophets, and eagerly snatched at by the enthusiasts of the Religious Revival in France, there is an insidious element of danger in all mysticism, which, with all its beauty, Maeterlinck's does not escape. Necessary as it is to draw attention to the underlying unity of things, it is equally necessary not to forget their vital differences. The same simple eternal laws are working in flowers and elephants, in Jack the Ripper and John Ruskin, and the mystic, occupied in brooding on this usually forgotten fact, is liable to forget the more obvious fact, that a flower is not an elephant, nor an assassin a teacher. Mysticism is like the hydrostatic balance, in which the ocean could rise no higher than the water in a pipe-stem. Souls are *not* all at the same level. Not that Maeterlinck does not recognize a spiritual hierarchy, but he tends to forget the grades in the thought of the common underlying spirit. But if evolution means differentiation—of nebulous matter into worlds, of nebulous spirit into souls—it behooves us to look more to the differences than to the primal unity, not to put together what God has put asunder. If all types of character are equally valuable, all education is a superfluous futility. A Hottentot may be a man and a spirit as much as an Anglo-Saxon, but it is not equally important which survives. Mysticism says, "What a wonderful measureless sea we sail on!" but it supplies no chart of the reefs and currents. 'Tis as incomplete as that opposite one-sidedness which uses the stars to steer by but forgets the wonder of them. For the mystic pays for his strong sense of the identity of things by a feebleness of their differences. Hence if he aspires to creative art he will lack, as Maeterlinck does lack, a sense of character; and though the Belgian dramatist complains that most contemporary plays deal with our ancestors, his own do not even deal with those but with the underlying humanity of all ages and periods. Man, woman, child; king, queen, princes; master, mistress, servant: such are the figures of his repertoire. Again the morality of the mystic is apt to be lax: 'tis his province to blur differences, and in his hands vice and virtue lose their rigid incompatibility. Wherefore it is no surprise to find Maeterlinck in his "Morale Mystique" taking an easy-going view of the sinner and expatiating on the inner innocence which merely external breeches of morality cannot touch—"they have been committed a thousand leagues from the spirit's throne"—a proposition as plausible as it is perilous. And the doctrine of Silence may be pushed too far. The beatified oyster which Aristotle, that prince of differentiators, held up to contempt, would find apotheosis if Maeterlinck's panegyric of silence and passivity were taken in prosaic literality. The silence of the shell-bound oyster is only eclipsed in divinity by the sublimity of the silent swallower. But if Maeterlinck as a thinker be of less value, and originality than Maeterlinck the artist, "The Treasure of the Humble" remains a fascinating book, not only for the exquisite feeling and beautiful phrasing of such essays as "The Invisible Goodness," and "The Founder Life," or for the light it throws upon the thinker's art, but also because, in days when art for art's sake has become a parrot-cry, it shows once more that wherever you find great art, you are likely to find behind the art a man, not a toy-making machine. The man Maeterlinck is the revelation of his latest volume and it is the revelation of a *schöne seele*—a beautiful soul.

I. ZANGWILL.



**he August Eclipse.**—The astronomical event of the year, as stated in the "Astronomical Prospectus," which appeared in our January number, is the total eclipse of the sun on August ninth.

It is not in any way a very extraordinary one, and its path for the most part is rather inconveniently situated; but the beginning of the eclipse is visible from northern Norway and Finland, and in the afternoon the shadow of the moon passes over Yezo, the northern island of Japan.

The central portions of its track lie across Siberia, in regions accessible only with difficulty, where, however, several stations will be occupied by the Russian astronomers. Undoubtedly there will be numerous observers, mostly amateurs, in northern Europe, but the principal expeditions will go to Japan.

Two parties go from this country. One of them, consisting of nine persons, under the charge of Professor Todd, of Amherst College, sailed from San Francisco in April, in the yacht *Coronet*, belonging to Mr. A. C. James, of New York, who with his wife accompanies the party. They carry with them an elaborate and extensive apparatus, photographic, spectroscopic, and polariscopic, to which Harvard College Observatory and Yale College have also contributed. This was brought around the Horn last winter upon the yacht, and the plan is to occupy two, and perhaps three, stations upon the island with the help of such assistants as they will probably be able to find at hand.

Another party of five goes from the Lick Observatory under the direction of Professor Schaeberle, who was so successful in his photographs of the Chilian eclipse of 1893. He takes as his principal instrument a six-inch photographic lens of forty feet focal length, made by Brashear expressly for the occasion, and expects with this to make large-scale negatives some eighteen inches in diameter. Mr. Burckhalter, on the other hand, is to make pictures of about half that size with a four-inch lens of twenty feet focus, using a special arrangement of his own invention by means of which he hopes so to control the exposure as to obtain a satisfactory representation of the brightest portions of the lower corona and of its fainter outer regions on the same negative—a thing never hitherto accomplished.

It is very pleasant to note that both these expeditions are provided for by private munificence. Colonel Crocker, Mr. Pierson, and Mrs. Senator Hearst have provided for most of the apparatus and other expenses of the Lick Observatory party; and the Amherst College party are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James.

From England the Greenwich Observatory will send out a large and finely equipped photographic and spectroscopic party, headed by Mr. Christie the Astronomer Royal. They will occupy at least two stations. There will also be a French party, with Deslandres of the National Observatory in charge; but we have not yet seen any definite statement of its precise composition, or of the

work to be undertaken, though it will probably be in the main spectroscopic. As to German parties we have no information.

There will of course be numerous observers in Finland, with several Americans among them, and there also spectroscopic and photographic observations will be in order. But the sun will be so low, and the obscuration so short—less than two minutes—that they are likely to be far less satisfactory than those made in Siberia and Japan.

The special aim of most of the observers will be to secure information about the corona;—its structure, the variations, if any, during the two and a half hours while the shadow is traveling from Norway to Japan, and the peculiarities of its spectrum. The recent identification of terrestrial helium has greatly intensified the interest in the thus far mysterious element (provisionally called "Coronium") which produces the most conspicuous and characteristic line in the coronal spectrum, and hitherto has been found nowhere else, unless possibly in one or two of the so-called "new stars." It is earnestly hoped that we may on this occasion get some light upon the subject. Other matters besides the corona will also receive attention. The spectrum of the lower region of the chromosphere—the "reversing layer" as it has been called—will be carefully studied, and that of any prominence which may be visible; and an attempt will be made to determine whereabouts in the solar atmosphere the great H and K bands of the solar spectrum have their origin.

C. A. YOUNG.



**New Developments in Electric Lighting.**—The introduction of the incandescent electric light on a commercial scale has led to many improvements in other methods of indoor-lighting. The acetylene and Wellsbach burners, and the incandescent alcohol lamp form the most modern and striking improvements in flame-lights. There has also been a constant struggle to improve the quality and increase the efficiency of the incandescent electric lamp.

In spite of all efforts, however, in the above forms of light, over ninety per cent. of the energy expended appears as heat and not light. This statement shows that there is still a vast field for improvement in domestic illuminants.

An immense stride forward in this direction has, we think, recently been made by Mr. D. McFarlane Moore, whose efforts have just been described and illustrated (April 22) before a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Mr. Moore employs as a source of light the vacuum tube, in which, as is generally known, the light is produced by the passage of the electric discharge through the rarefied gas of the tube. In such light there is no combustion and only very little heat.

This form of lighting has been attempted before, especially by Tesla, but the results for practical purposes have not been satisfactory. The light has not been obtained in sufficient quantity, and the apparatus necessary for producing it has been expensive and somewhat complicated, and the current employed difficult to insulate. Mr. Moore has succeeded in greatly simplifying the apparatus and in obtaining an unusual volume of light from the tubes, while the current employed is under comparatively low potential.

The fundamental agent of Mr. Moore's discovery, the nucleus of his invention, lies in the arrangement of the break-piece in the primary circuit. This piece is itself in a tube partially exhausted of air, so that the break of the current occurs in a partial vacuum. This apparently simple modification of the common break is accompanied by most remarkable results. With such a break no secondary coil is necessary for sparking through the tubes, the primary itself acting as a secondary. The tube to be illuminated is connected with the terminals of this coil, which is also in circuit with the break and generator. No wires need enter the tube, metal caps or coating of metal paint on the outside of the tube serve as anodes.

In the exhibit referred to, twenty-seven tubes were employed, each seven and one-half feet long and one and three-quarter inches in diameter, all suspended around the ceiling. The lecture-room holding one hundred and fifty people was so brightly lighted that it was possible to read readily ordinary print at any part of the hall. The room was also subsequently photographed by the light of the tubes with a thirty-second exposure. The energy expended for the illumination permitted each tube a little less than the ordinary sixteen candle incandescent electric lamp requires.

The above facts taken in connection with the fact that the vacuum tube is a most efficient means for converting electric energy into light, its efficiency reaching perhaps seventy per cent., show what a great advance in lighting Mr. Moore's discovery promises.

S. E. TILLMAN.



**Vacuum Tube Electric Lamps.**—An electric discharge from a common static machine or induction-coil, produces in the air a spark accompanied with a snapping sound. The spark appears as a white-hot but loose thread and lasts but a very small fraction of a second. It requires about 75,000 volts to produce a spark an inch long in air of ordinary density, but if the density be lessened, the length of the spark is increased. If the terminals between which a

spark passes be inclosed in a glass tube from which the air may be drawn, it is observed that the character of the discharge alters with the degree of exhaustion; the thread-like spark becomes thicker and thicker until the discharge fills the tube with a nebulous light which is not so bright, but has a much larger volume and lasts longer than the light from the spark, for it produces fluorescence upon the glass. There appears to be a degree of exhaustion with a given tube which will give a maximum amount of light with a given discharge. If the exhaustion be continued beyond this, the amount of light is not only reduced, but there may be reached a condition when no discharge at all will pass. A spark will jump a foot through the air outside the tube, rather than the hundredth of an inch in the vacuum space within it. Such partial vacuum tubes known as Geissler's and Crookes' have been in use for years to illustrate electrical phenomena, and some years ago Crookes undertook to develop an electric lighting system in which the phosphorescence of various substances such as rubies, emeralds, diamonds, etc., when in a good vacuum, constituted the source of light. The plan was not efficient enough for commercial purposes, and the light from common tubes was still less efficient. How to improve it has been the object of research by many.

Mr. D. McFarlane Moore, of New Jersey, has hit upon a simple but novel plan of increasing the voltage available by a more sudden break of current than has been employed before. When an induction-coil is used as a source of electrical discharge the primary current is not broken instantaneously, for a slight arc forms in the air and the current does not stop the instant the metallic terminals are separated. Mr. Moore fixed these terminals in as perfect a vacuum as could be formed, and operates them by a magnet outside. As a current cannot pass in a vacuum, the current is stopped the instant the terminals are separated, with the result of greatly increasing the voltage of the induced current to operate the tubes. Tubes five or six feet long, three or four inches in diameter, and of any shape, may be lighted, and shine with a bluish white light, vastly brighter than any have been lighted before. The electric terminals for these tubes are not wires sealed into them, but metallic caps upon their ends. These act inductively upon and through the residual air contained in the hermetically sealed tube. How this method of lighting compares in efficiency with the filament lamp is not yet disclosed, but there is no doubt but it marks a long step in advance in vacuum-tube lighting.

A. E. DOLBEAR.